

J. G. Beach

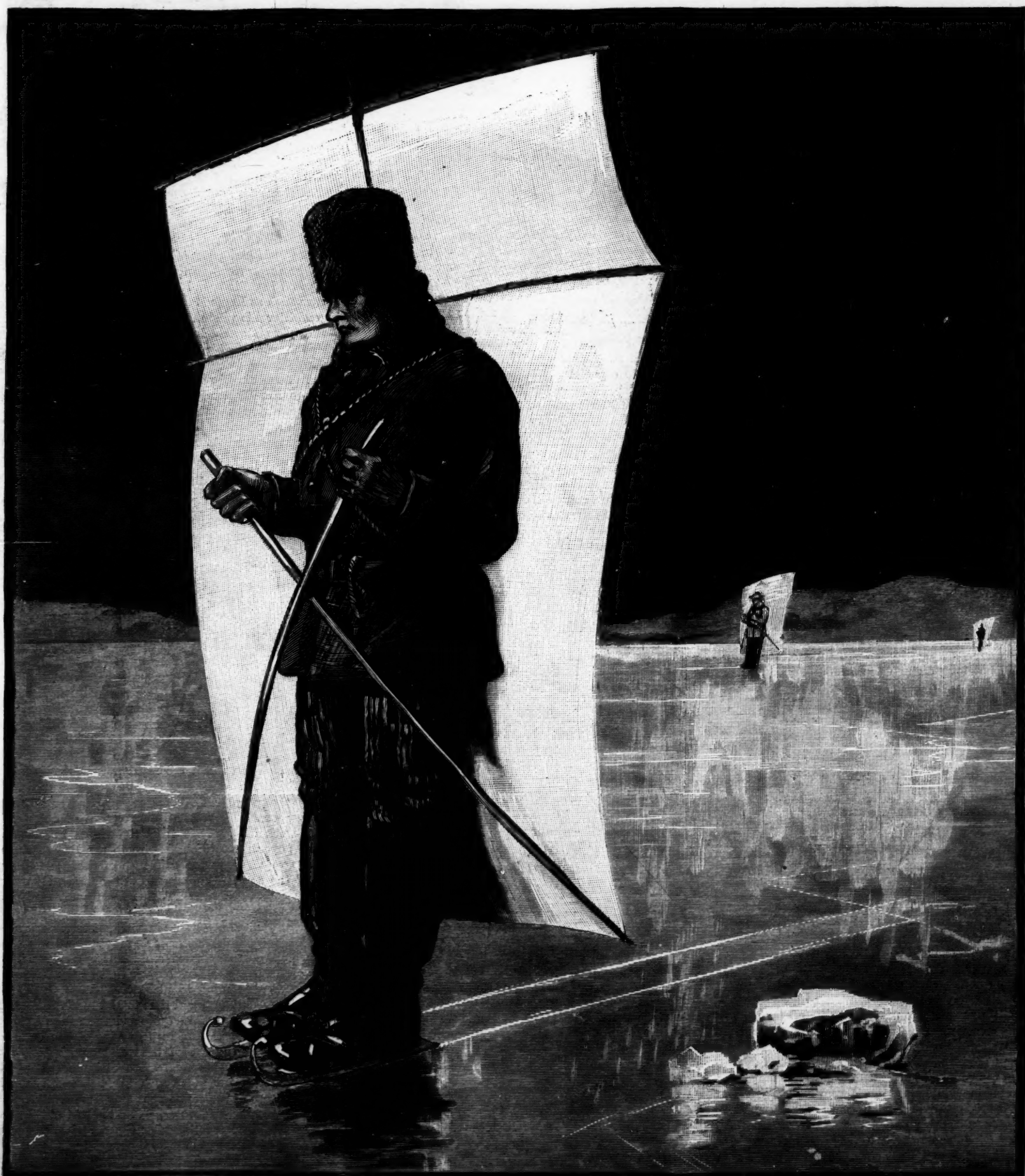
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WINTER SPORTS ON THE UPPER HUDSON.—THE DANISH SKATE-SAIL GOING BEFORE THE WIND.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1886.

AN UNWISE PROPOSITION.

MR. MORRISON, representing a majority of the Ways and Means Committee, has introduced a joint resolution into the House, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to employ all balances in the Treasury in excess of \$100,000,000 in the monthly payment of the interest-bearing public debt. Mr. Hewitt, speaking for a minority of the same committee, is opposed, for reasons which he sets forth, to the passage of the resolution which Chairman Morrison supports. The Secretary of the Treasury also presents weighty arguments against the use of the Treasury balances as proposed. In view of all the considerations for and against this measure, Mr. Morrison's scheme can scarcely be said to be worthy of the serious attention of Congress.

Existing laws require that not less than \$100,000,000 shall be held in reserve for the redemption of the outstanding United States notes, which now somewhat exceed in amount \$346,000,000. This note-redemption fund cannot be touched in any emergency, however great, without a plain violation of law. For all available purposes, therefore, this reserved fund must be looked upon as no surplus at all. On the 30th of January last there was an available surplus in the Treasury for ordinary expenditures of but \$79,689,862. It is this balance that Mr. Morrison proposes to pay out for United States bonds, at the rate of \$10,000,000 per month. His proposition is to leave the Treasury, in less than eight months, without any available balance whatever. Coupled with his new tariff scheme, which is supposed to involve a lessening of the revenues to the extent of \$20,000,000 annually, this last threatened draft on the cash in the Treasury is decidedly daring, if not alarming.

The average disbursements of the Treasury Department scarcely fall below \$1,000,000 per day. Following the rule of safe and prudent business houses to keep available cash within reach for one month's disbursements, the Secretary of the Treasury should have not less than \$30,000,000 in excess of the current demands upon him. This working balance seems a necessity, in view of the extraordinary demands that are liable to be made, the Pension Bureau drafts alone reaching \$10,000,000 at one time. But an altogether separate consideration is the fact that the wise rule followed by Secretary Sherman, not to allow the coin reserved for the redemption of the greenbacks to fall below forty per cent. of the notes to be redeemed, would require \$138,000,000 of a reserve fund to meet both ordinary and extraordinary demands that might be made. The financial disturbances caused by sudden war, or Wall Street combinations to drain the Treasury of gold, with a view to its effect upon the stock market, should be provided for by every financial Secretary whose foresight secures absolute safety. Subtracting, then, the \$168,000,000 which the law and a prudent management require to be kept in the Treasury, from the \$179,000,000 that are now there, and we find that there is an actual surplus or excess of cash on hand, over all current and extraordinary demands, of about \$11,000,000. This is too small a sum for Congress to consume any time in disposing of, and the interest on the bonds it would buy need scarcely be taken into account. Moreover, if the falling off in the receipts from customs should continue, a surplus in the Treasury, either large or small, will not long disturb the minds of "boundless prairie" statesmen; but, on the contrary, ways and means to provide for deficits may demand their attention.

In view, therefore, of Mr. Morrison's apparent inability to clearly comprehend the principles of finance and of tariff taxation, judging by his past and recent performances, it might be well for this ambitious gentleman to be guided more hereafter by the wise and judicious suggestions that are made from time to time on these subjects by the Secretary of the Treasury.

WORK FOR THE POOR.

IN our nursery days we used to be very familiar with the idea of a certain Naughty Personage who found mischief for idle hands to do. In these days of Social Science and Charity Organization it seems to have been reserved to the good people to do this thing. What other than mischievous is the effect of much of the work that is given by charitable people to the tramps or idle folk who come across their way? There seems to be a prevalent notion that there is a wise and beneficent charity in setting a tramp to play at work, and then paying him twice as much as the work would be worth if thoroughly well done. Nothing can be more mischievous than such an idea. To send a tramp to a woodyard and pay him ten cents an hour for dawdling about with a saw, free to begin as late and to quit work as early in the day as he likes, is positively vicious as to economics, and an injustice to all steady and sober wage-earners. It tends to foster indolence and that very evil of tramping which it is intended to remedy: for what tramp will accept of steady work, which demands regular hours and some degree of diligence in business, when he knows of

a place at hand where he may drop in for an odd hour when he likes, and receive (not earn) the price of a drink or of such a meal as he has learned to find sufficient?

There is no better charity than that which provides work for those who need, but cannot find, work. Wood-yards carefully managed may do a world of good to the really needy; so may industrial rooms, where sewing is given out; but so long as human beings are by nature idle animals, so long such enterprises, public or private, need to be most wisely guarded. Work which is given out to chance comers should be paid for by the job, and not by the hour, and should be given a second time only when the worker shows, by regular attendance and a degree of painstaking in his work, that it is the means of living, not the means of idling, that are sought.

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

MUCH nonsense is annually talked about the treatment of Americans in England by the people who have been well treated on this side of the water, the idea being continually brought up when some unfortunate is snubbed at a London club; or some woman, who has a local reputation for fashion, goes to a London ball and is left out in the cold. The truth is this, all English people have not good manners. Neither have we. We are of the same race—brutal when angry, frigid and impolite when not interested, apt to be moody at all times. What stories might not some lady from St. Louis tell of her reception in New York, supposing she falls in with a preoccupied hostess, who, having her little game to play, does not care at all for the Western woman who has brought her a letter?

One thing we must say of our English cousins: they pay very much more attention to letters of introduction than we do. If we go to England properly introduced, their hospitality is Oriental. They open for us their beautifully appointed country houses, and they invite us to dinner; they ask what we would like to see in London, and they open for us exclusive doors. They, if we are decently mannered, and even moderately agreeable, keep up the acquaintance, and write us innumerable letters. No women are so touched by a little present of a book, or a few flowers, or a keepsake from this side of the water, as an Englishwoman is. They call again and again, and write twenty notes where we would write one. If a friend is in mourning, or in ill-health, or in any way appeals to their hearts, they are the kindest creatures in the world. But if an American goes to them, rather loudly asserting wealth, nationality and fine clothes; if she demands to know the "Royalties" and give them to understand that a fashionable position in New York entitles the bearer to especial consideration, then all is up with her. They care no more for New York or Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, than they care for Peoria or Natchez. All America is one great daub on the map of the globe to them. They are insular, no doubt, and narrow, and taken up with their island, no doubt; but still, if an American lady seems to them a pleasant body, if an American man has the qualities of a scholar, a gentleman, a patron of art, or if he is simply what they call a "nice person," they are just as polite to him, and even more so, than we are to English people who come here. In fact, in their attention to letters of introduction they are far ahead of us.

Americans, in going to England, should remember two or three things. They should remember the great difference in our social system, and not be too angry at our cousins' adoration of the Royalties and of a Duke. They cannot help it; they are trained to it from their cradles. No men have worse manners towards Americans, however, than English Radicals. They are out of temper with their time and their belongings. No people are so polite to Americans as the old Tory Dukes, the high-born, well-to-do, and thoroughly aristocratic classes. And an American must always remember that he is exactly of their caste. The people who will snub an American lady will be found to be some ill-tempered old dowagers, some eccentrics noted for bad manners in their own set; and yet such a person, though intolerable, will not be so rude in her own house as some fashionable New York hostesses have been known to be. We must remember, when traveling in England, some specimens of bad manners which we have seen at home. The prevalence of good manners is very noticeable amongst the highest classes in England.

THE QUARRELS OF TEMPERANCE MEN.

THE progress of the temperance reform is seriously retarded by the quarrels of the reformers. Such bitterness of disagreement among those who should be friends has not been seen since the animosities of the anti-slavery agitators. These reformers are constantly firing into each other's ranks. Constitutional prohibitionists are opposing prohibitionists who believe that restrictive laws should not extend beyond the legislative statute. Statute prohibitionists are enraged at the members of the local-option party. The members of the local-option party fight the law-and-order leagues organized in all parts of the country. Such divisions and antagonisms, at once ridiculous and pitiful, mark the progress of the temperance cause.

The fact is, that the temperance reform is advanced by each one of these movements. A State like Maine, which

by a majority of forty thousand votes declares in favor of inserting a provision in the Constitution forbidding the manufacture and sale of liquor as a beverage, may well take so advanced a step. It would be impossible to go so far in New York. In Maine it is an excellent movement. In Massachusetts, each municipality decides annually in reference to licensing saloons. The method is known as local option. It might also be called, in towns where sale is forbidden, local prohibition; and this prohibition prevails in many towns and cities. In other States, even this limitation could not be enforced. The law-and-order leagues, too, are most useful in securing the enforcement of laws in reference to sales on Sunday, to minors, and to persons already intoxicated. No one of these methods should be opposed. Each has advantages, and each should be employed in that place to which it is best adapted. The evils of intemperance are so great, that every endeavor made to lessen them should be encouraged by all who are interested in the public welfare.

PECULIAR MONARCHS.

THERE has long been a belief that Louis, the eccentric King of Bavaria, is insane. This has arisen from his seemingly uncontrollable *penchant* for building palaces, and constructing castles on inaccessible mountaintops, and his reckless extravagance in maintaining a superb opera company and orchestra for his private gratification alone, being himself the only auditor at the midnight performances. But recent disclosures caused by his almost pecuniary bankruptcy put that strange sovereign in a new light, and show that royal personages are, after all, very much like the rest of mankind. It seems that King Louis's odd behavior in secluding himself from the view of mankind is due to a very natural motive which has been operative since time began. He was engaged to marry a princess of remarkable beauty, residing in Munich, and in whom all of his affections and life were wrapt up. On the very hour of the marriage ceremony almost, and while the capital was gayly decked, and arches spanned the streets of Munich, and banners waved from the house-tops, Louis surprised his bride in a suspicious *tête-à-tête* with one of his subjects, the handsome son of the famous art-photographer Hanfstangel, in Munich, and also came across some gushing love letters which had passed between the princess and her lowly lover previous to the royal courtship. This startling and humiliating blow to a very delicately organized nature such as Louis is conceded to possess was sufficient to embitter his whole subsequent life, to drive him to a taciturnity and exclusiveness which have been the marvel of his reign, and to exhibit a morbid hatred and even loathing for all womankind. But to this extent only, it has been revealed, has he suffered his character to undergo a radical change. So far from being mean or niggardly, or unsympathetic in the presence of sorrow or privation, he is, on the contrary, extremely liberal in the treatment of all questions touching the woes of the people, industrious, painstaking and just in the discharge of his royal duties, and not at all despotic in the exercise of his sovereign prerogatives. It was he, moreover, this supposed modern Nero, who was the first among the German princes to offer the imperial crown of all Germany to William. By this initial step on the part of the Bavarian King the united Fatherland was made possible, for without the consent of Bavaria, the largest of the German states after Prussia, the union could not have taken place. This was an act of real self-abnegation, for Louis thereby surrendered many of his kingly dignities. More than this: one of the King's ardent defenders against the accusations which he alleges have been spread by curiosity-seeking tourists of the British type, and notably by baffled correspondents who have sought to intrude on his privacy, says Louis is not in the dire financial straits reported, and that while suffering from temporary embarrassment, his own fortune will not be ultimately impaired by his Titanic struggles to found and preserve the Wagnerian school of music, which have cost the royal purse millions on millions of dollars.

But the peculiarities of European sovereigns now reigning would fill volumes on volumes of entertaining sketch-work and analysis, from the widowed recluse who presides over the British Empire to the lively Prince of Monaco who enjoys the existence of the greatest gambler of the age at the expense of the life and happiness of thousands of men and women from every land under the sun. Then, too, there is that interesting imperial pair at St. Petersburg living in constant terror, not knowing when the ubiquitous assassin may strike them down. And we have examples of ambitious sovereigns in the King of the Belgians, striving with all of the strength of his far-reaching mind to plant civilization clear across the African Continent, and thus to add to his little European state a negro empire quite as large as the continent on which he dwells. The restless King of Greece is constantly keeping the eye of the world on his petty monarchy because of his aggressive attitude towards the Turks, and the demands which he is constantly making at the expense of the commerce along the Mediterranean. But probably the saddest case of all is that of the young Queen of Spain, left in her widowhood and alien character to govern the most erratic, the most turbulent as well as the proudest of the Latin races.

If we turn from the contemplation of the dynasties now ruling abroad, to the chiefs of the three Republics of

France, the United States and Switzerland, we observe nothing in their lives or powers, nor in their tenure of rule, to awaken alarm, cause concern, or demand sympathy or commiseration; and this state of affairs we take to be the best argument in favor of the stability and spread of popular government.

SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

IT is doubtful whether such rapid progress in educational work was ever before made in any country, under disadvantages half so serious, as has been made in the education of the colored population of the Southern States. The Commissioner of Education, whose report for 1883-84 has just appeared, sets down the colored school population of the formerly slave States and the District of Columbia at 2,032,926, and of these 1,002,313, or 49 per cent., were enrolled as pupils of the public schools. If we go back seven years, and take the Commissioner's report for 1877, we find that, though the school population has increased 34 per cent. in this period, the enrollment has increased at more than twice as rapid a rate—75 per cent. This increased enrollment shows both an increase in school facilities and a rapidly growing appreciation of education by the colored population. How greatly the opportunities for common-school education have been augmented, is shown by the appropriations for school purposes by these States in 1877 and in 1884. In the former year the amount was \$10,000,000, and in the latter it had risen to \$17,000,000—an increase of the school fund of a million a year, or of 70 per cent. in seven years. But the percentage of enrollment has kept in advance of the percentage of increase in appropriations. As those States, which are now so prosperous, continue to add to their wealth, the percentage of illiterates will, at an even more rapid ratio, continue to decrease. These rates of progress—in appropriating money for school purposes and in the increase of school attendance—indicate that the South has its prodigious problem fairly in hand, and is solving it with a rapidity that the most sanguine would not have predicted ten years ago.

In the schools of higher grade even more rapid progress has been made within this period than has been achieved in the public schools. For instance, in 1877 there were 27 colored normal schools, with 3,785 students; and in 1884 there were 36, with 10,771 students. The number of teachers in training, therefore, was nearly three times as great as it was seven years before. There were also about three times as many students in the latter year as in the former at institutions of secondary instruction, at colleges, at theological schools and at other institutions of higher learning. The total number of colored pupils at schools of all grades in the South in 1877 was 580,000, and in 1884 it was 1,026,119—an increase of 76 per cent. in seven years. During the same time the increase in the number of schools was 63 per cent. There has, therefore, been a uniform progress in every grade of instruction, both in the number of schools and in the number of pupils; and the number of pupils has increased with greater rapidity than the number of schools.

In these apparently full statistics are recorded one of the greatest victories of peace in the whole annals of the Republic; and such rapid success does away with all ground for apprehension that the South might not be equal in physical ability, great as its willingness might be, to bear the heaviest educational burden that was ever laid on any portion of the Union.

CHURCHILL AS AN AGITATOR.

THERE is no telling what political altitude Lord Randolph Churchill may yet attain: for pre-eminence in England has often been won by means the most fantastic and grotesque. It would seem to the hasty observer as if he had flung away his last chance of ever being regarded as a prudent statesman or trustworthy leader.

His recent precipitate and inexcusable desertion of the Nationals, of whom he was the week before an ally; his rush into Ireland with much the same sanguinary spirit that led Cromwell thither; his incendiary speeches, intended to inflame Catholics and Orangemen against each other; his violent denunciations of Mr. Parnell, with whom he was lately in open and successful negotiations; his parading before excited crowds the gory horrors of the seventeenth century—this is as ill-judged and eccentric a manifestation as demagogue ever indulged in. It seems like the performance of a mountebank.

Of course he succeeded in exciting his Belfast hearers to a religious frenzy—it requires neither talent nor ingenuity, but only reckless audacity, to do that. They wore their Orange colors, commemorative of a foolish fraternal feud two hundred years ago, and they unharnessed his horses and dragged his carriage through the streets and showered garlands and caresses on him, and when he rose to speak they yelled their applause "for seven minutes." He told them that if an Irish legislature shall be granted it will be "a virtual dissolution of the Imperial Union," and the inauguration of a tyranny worse than the most tyrannical exactions of the British Empire. This is a preposterous assumption for which there is not the slightest foundation, and it would scarcely merit notice on this side the water were it not that the London journals treat it as worthy of serious consideration.

The Home Rule members denounce Churchill as an ingrate, an apostate and a political outlaw, and his address to the people of Belfast certainly renders a peaceful solution of the present troubles more difficult than ever. It is alleged that his raid into Ulster was undertaken with the approval, if not at the request, of the Queen; who, if it be true, must have a strange notion of the duty of a sovereign towards her subjects on the eve of the twentieth century. The fact probably is, that Churchill is alone responsible for the wild invasion, but however this may be, he will, certainly, be held accountable for the consequences of his folly.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

NOTHING is yet definitely known as to Mr. Gladstone's conclusions concerning the Irish question. Rumor declares, indeed, that his proposals, as outlined to the Cabinet, include the broadest recognition of the Home Rule principle, going to the length of restoring the Irish Parliament; but the statement rests upon no real evidence, though it derives some plausibility from an intimation of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, ex-Postmaster-general, that an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, which advocates the Federal principle for Ireland, with large powers of autonomy, retaining representation in the Imperial Parliament, practically expresses Mr. Gladstone's views. Meanwhile, the opponents of any satisfactory adjustment of the Irish question continue their appeals to British prejudice, falsely insisting that the dismemberment of the Empire will follow any concessions satisfactory to the Nationalists. These appeals, however, must largely lose their force when the real issue in the case comes to be presented. A straw showing the drift of the current is the fact that the House of Commons has passed to its second reading the Crofters' Bill, which provides for sixty of tenure, fair rents, and compensation for improvements made by tenants. Lord Randolph Churchill's recent inflammatory address at Belfast is likely to be made the subject of debate in the Commons, Mr. Sexton having proposed a resolution condemning the employment by any Member of language calculated to excite persons in Ireland to take up arms in defiance of Parliament and the cause of order.

The Socialist members of the French Chamber of Deputies have submitted to "British workmen in the House of Commons" a proposition for a joint international movement in the interest of laboring men. Their suggestion is that a congress of delegates from Europe and America be held, in September next, to consider the best means of securing a reduction in the hours of labor, improvement in the sanitary condition of workshops, proper limits to the work done by women and minors, and prohibition against allowing children under fourteen years of age to work in shops or factories. Some of the objects here proposed are praiseworthy, but it may well be doubted whether any scheme which would be satisfactory to French Socialists would ever command the assent of the intelligent workmen of the United States.

The conclusion of a treaty of peace between the Bulgarian, Serbian and Ottoman Governments is announced; and it is said that the Serbian military preparations, which for some time past have seemed to indicate renewal of hostilities, have ceased, in accordance with instructions issued by the Minister of War. In Greece, also, the war fever has subsided. The international fleet, which has been keeping an eye upon the Greek ships-of-war, leaves Suda Bay for Salamis upon the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh to take command. Two English cruisers meanwhile watch the coast of Crete, to guard against possible attempts of Greek revolutionists to land there.

It becomes evident that the military expedition to Mandalay, the deposition of Thebaw, and the formal annexation of his kingdom to the British Empire, were but the preliminaries to a serious struggle. In other words, the conquest of Burmah is yet to be made. Thebaw having been conveniently put out of the way, Prince Alompra, whose stronghold is in the Shan States, to the east of Mandalay, will doubtless make a strong effort to establish himself at the head of the Burmese peoples. The movement in his favor is becoming a national one. The British Government cannot afford to lose time, and the strong military expedition which Lord Dufferin proposes to send against the Shans is to leave Mandalay on the 7th instant.

The French Chamber of Deputies was treated to a sensation during the debate on the Madagascar Treaty, last Thursday. It was not, however, of a political nature. A crackbrained person amongst the spectators on the public tribunes, who had a communication of alleged importance to make to M. Clémenceau, fired two pistol-shots in the air, and then threw down his letter among the Deputies. The bullets, fortunately, did not hit anybody. The "crank" was arrested, and the business of the Chamber proceeded calmly. The letter to M. Clémenceau proved to be a demand for an interview, in which the writer would make fresh and extraordinary disclosures regarding the treacherous surrender of Metz, implicating certain officers now in high position in the French Army; and concluded with the statement that 500 Prussian spies were enrolled in the French Army. As to the Madagascar Treaty, there can scarcely be a doubt that it will be ratified, which means a triumph for the Premier.

THE surplus in the Treasury troubles the sensitive Mr. Morrison. He is somewhat "previous" in lighting up the future with the lamp of experience. There was a surplus; but will there be? Let us wait till Mr. Morrison gets through legislating.

EDISON, the Wizard of Electricity, concluded to put a new light in his home of innumerable candle-power, in the shape of a wife, and to that end was married to Miss Nina Miller, daughter of the wealthy inventor of the Buckeye Mower. Edison is now forty. They will live among the South Florida tropical bowers this Spring, and return to a half-million-dollar home in Llewellyn Park for the Summer.

THERE are indications that President Cleveland will break down in health if he shall continue to give himself up as he now does to the work and the annoyances of his position. It sounds well for a President to be so democratic as to see all the bores and cranks and humbugs who may choose to come and sit in an armchair at his elbow, and lecture and advise him about his Cabinet and his policy; but more than one Chief Executive has found that the practice entailed serious personal discomfort, and Mr. Cleveland should be warned in time that his prodigal willingness to "give everybody a chance" can only result in a fruitless waste of strength and health.

MORE than \$50,000 have been raised in this country "for Parnell" during the last two months; yet, as we write, the aged mother of Parnell lies sick and poor in an humble fourth-story tenement in one of our crowded wards, apparently forgotten by her son, and supported in miserable quarters by a stingy charity. Five years ago she was independent, and she boarded at the New York Hotel on the income of property left her by her father, Charles Stewart, the late brave Admiral of the United States Navy. But in a moment of impulsive patriotism she gave it to her "boy," the Home Rule leader, for the Irish cause, and now she is left to shift for herself. Charles might do a good thing by deeding the great Bordenstown estate back to his mother.

THE former serfs of Russia, about 50,000,000 all told, have a holiday of their own, March 3d, or February 19th, O. S., the day commemorating their liberation from serfdom. It will be remembered that in 1861 the late Czar Alexander II. granted freedom to 24,000,000 serfs of the private serf-holders, and as many millions of serfs of the Crown. The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of this event finds the former Russian serfs in the midst of new and strange conditions, the result of the great revolution which has

been going on during the first quarter of a century of their freedom. Before 1861 they had not an inch of land which they could call their own; now they own fully a third of the arable land in Russia. Formerly they were mere chattels; to-day they take a part in the provincial administration on the same footing with their former masters, the nobles. Formerly they had no schools; now their own primary schools reach the number of 30,000. Materially, too, they have prospered, and there are a few millionaires among the former serfs. This anniversary of their liberation will be marked by the freedmen of Russia by the erection of scores of monuments in memory of the Czar-Liberator, and the opening of hundreds of schools for the education of the children who are coming up to new dignities and responsibilities.

THE Senate has adopted a resolution authorizing the Committee on Judiciary to send for persons and papers in the case of John Goode, Jr., nominated to be Solicitor-general of the Treasury. It is said that the Committee, in view of the fact that charges have been filed against Mr. Goode, who has been in office for nearly a year, propose to go into his political and personal record, and to establish his connection with election frauds, as well as to show that he demanded and received a sum of money for his influence in securing a certain appointment. Behind the inquiry, of course, there is a strong partisan animus, and Mr. Goode should be held to be innocent until he shall be positively shown to be guilty of offenses unfitting him for the responsible position he now holds.

THE Bill for increasing the naval establishment, just matured by the House Committee on Naval Affairs, provides for the construction of six cruisers and four torpedo-boats, all to be built of steel of domestic manufacture. The cost of two of the cruisers is fixed at a maximum of \$2,500,000 each; the total cost of three others, excluding armament, is limited to \$4,000,000; and for the fourth, a torpedo-cruiser, \$300,000 is appropriated. The four torpedo-boats are to be built at an aggregate cost of \$400,000. The Bill authorizes the President to direct the completion of the double-turreted monitors *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock* and *Terror*, and the sum of \$2,000,000 is appropriated for that purpose. It is provided that one or more of the new vessels and one of the monitors shall be constructed and completed in the navy-yards, and that all of them shall be so constructed if the Secretary of the Navy is unable to contract with responsible parties at reasonable prices.

MR. BLAINE'S scheme for a commercial union of all American nations for their mutual good has been revived by Senator Frye in a Bill providing for a Congress of Delegates to be held in Washington on October 1st of this year. It is virtually a movement to make the Western Hemisphere independent of the Eastern, to secure concert of action as to the Panama Canal and the Eads Ship-railroad, to establish direct lines of steamers, to adopt a common silver coin, and to effect hereafter a free interchange of commodities between all the nations of the twin continents. As far as the movement would result in greater financial reciprocity and commercial intimacy, it would be every way beneficial. The American nations never have been on confidential terms, and so Mexico, Brazil, and the peoples of the nether continent, have always traded far more with England, Germany and Spain than with the Great Republic of the North or with one another. Let the Blaine-Frye experiment be thoroughly tried. It will cost little, and cannot result unprofitably.

TOTAL abstinence in principle as well as in the practice it enforces with its employees, the Fall Brook Coal Company during the past three years has been a staunch ally of the most ultra prohibitionists. It gives employment to about one thousand men on its railroad and in its coal operations, all of whom are obliged to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, and to bring a certificate that they are teetotalers, before they can begin work. A man who is discovered to have used liquor is at once discharged, and under no circumstances is he employed again. The wisdom of the company has been amply vindicated by the results. Not the least of these, which directly concerns the public, is the decrease of fatalities, on the railroad as well as in the mines, fifty per cent. since prohibition was made obligatory. Whatever may be the moral or constitutional rights, duties and limitations of Legislatures in regulating by statutory enactment the consciences and conduct of citizens in the matter of intoxicating drinks, no one will deny the right of a railroad or other corporation to make the habits of its employees a test of their fitness for employment, with a view of insuring the best results for all concerned.

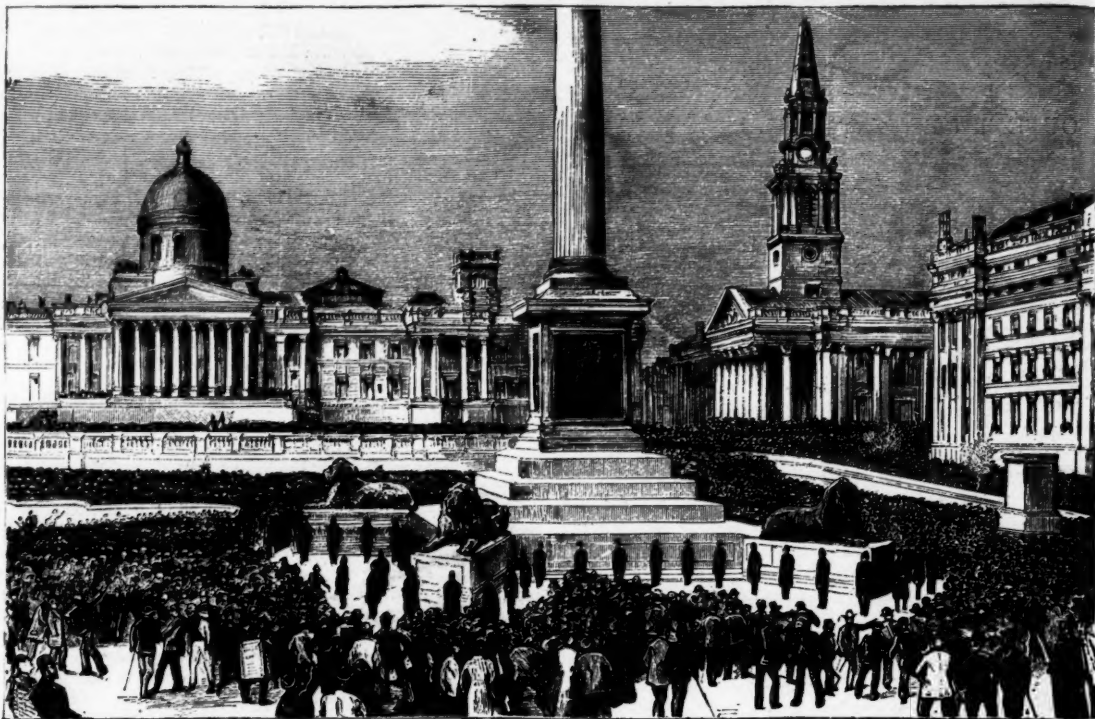
CHICAGO dressed beef is now a household article of food in all the great centres of population and manufacturing towns of the northern Atlantic seaboard. It is sold to the consumer at a smaller price than beef can be which is slaughtered in Eastern abattoirs, and is of a better quality. Chicago always has the first pick of the cattle market, Pittsburg and Buffalo get the next, and the seaboard cities the last. Live-stock, when it reaches Chicago, or Kansas City, from the ranches, is in a much better condition for human food than it is at the end of a long journey, as in New York or Philadelphia. And the system of keeping and shipping dressed beef is now so perfect, that it always arrives in prime condition for the table. Any action of the railways as is now proposed, causing an increased freight and a consequent rise in the price of meat to the consumers in the great cities of the East, is simply taking so much food out of the mouths of the poor, and in so far is a public calamity. It can only be a question of time when a large per cent. of all the Western grown beef, pork and mutton is slaughtered in the West, and sent to the East ready for consumption. The present contest is between the old and the new, and in this land of progress and change, the meritorious new is sure to prevail.

THE newspapers are having a good deal to say concerning the absence of Senator Jones of Florida from his official duties at Washington. Certain Senators, who recently visited Detroit, where Mr. Jones is staying, represent that he is paying diligent court to a wealthy young lady of that city whom he is anxious to marry, but who gives him no sort of encouragement. It is said, indeed, that he has met the young lady but twice, and that on one of these occasions he proposed to her with such ardor that she was frightened, and has since refused to see him. It is understood that she has left the city to escape his importunities; but he is apparently unaware of that fact, as he writes her a letter and sends her a bouquet every day. His conduct naturally occasions much comment. One report says that he spends most of his time in the lobby of the hotel where he lives, and on the street, walking up and down in front of the residence of his innamorata, and occasionally ringing the door-bell, only to be refused admittance. There is probably some exaggeration in these reports; but that the Senator has been deeply smitten and is behaving in a fashion which annoys his friends, there can be no doubt at all. The case is the more remarkable from the fact that Senator Jones has always ranked as a peculiarly practical, hard-headed man, by no means likely to be carried away by "a grand passion."

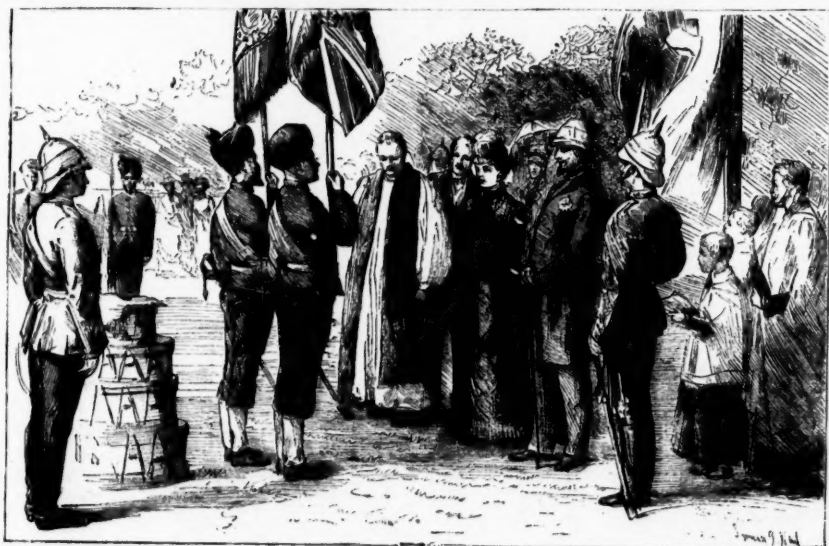
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



GERMANY.—JULIUS DINDER, ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN-POSEN.



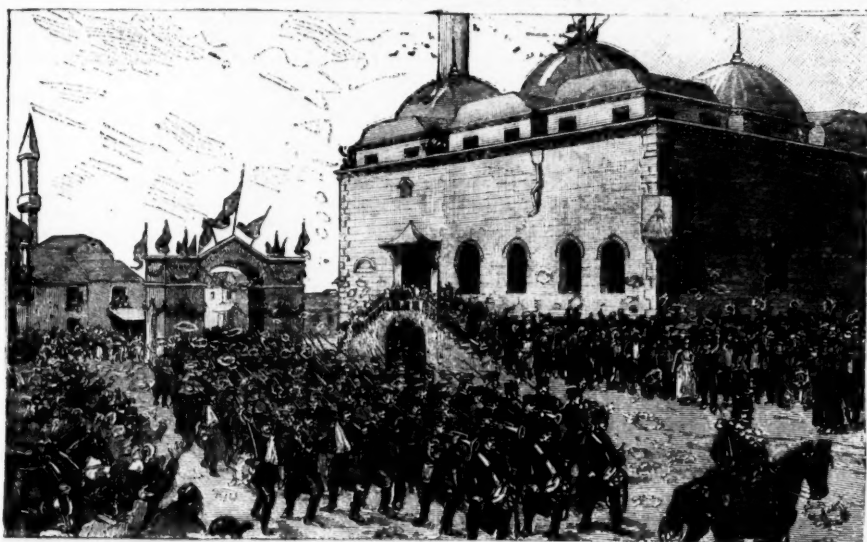
ENGLAND.—VIEW OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, SCENE OF THE MEETINGS OF THE UNEMPLOYED, FEBRUARY 8TH.



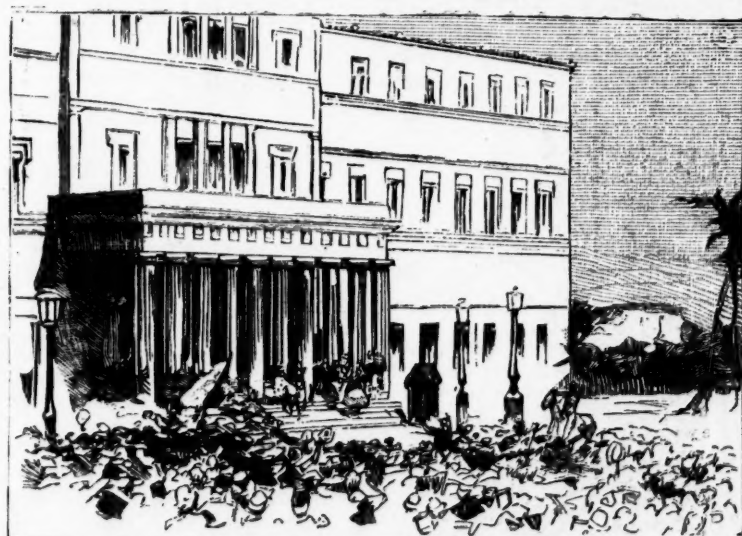
INDIA.—LADY DUFFERIN PRESENTING NEW COLORS TO THE 18TH BENGAL INFANTRY, AT ALIPUR.



MADAGASCAR.—NATIVE GIRL MOURNING AT THE TOMB OF HER ANCESTORS.



EASTERN ROUMELIA.—RETURN OF BULGARIAN TROOPS TO PHILIPPOPOLIS.



GREECE.—WAR DEMONSTRATIONS IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS.



H. M. Hyndman, Socialist Leader.

[A Shop in North Audley Street, Wrecked by the Mob.
ENGLAND.—THE RIOTS IN LONDON, FEBRUARY 8TH.

John Burns, Socialist Leader.

EDWARD B. HARPER.

EDWARD BASCOMB HARPER, President of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York city, and whose portrait we publish, was born near Dover, Del., in 1842. His father, Charles Harper, was one of the leading merchants of Kent County. Left an orphan at thirteen years of age, young Harper entered the store of Mr. John W. Cullen, as clerk. Here he worked until, at the age of twenty, he found himself in possession of a small capital; whereupon he left business temporarily to enter a commercial college at Baltimore. He passed through this institution with honor, and then secured a clerkship in a Philadelphia banking house, where, after mastering the intricacies of the business, he advanced steadily until he became the chief manager under the firm. He subsequently became directly concerned as a member in another banking establishment, and continued in this important position, constantly increasing his knowledge of men and business methods, until 1868. This period being one of financial depression, and Mr. Harper's aptitude for disentangling mathematical problems naturally inclining his taste towards the life-insurance business, he left banking, and, in 1869, accepted the position of Western Manager of the Commonwealth Life Insurance Company of New York. His connection with this company lasted six years, and numerous testimonials from its chief officers have shown in what high esteem his abilities were held in that quarter. He passed from this position to that of New York Manager of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company of Boston. The Hancock's business, which had previously suffered severely through mismanagement, was in a remarkably short time placed on a reliable and satisfactory basis by Mr. Harper's skill and energy. It was through his foresight that the company adopted the so-called "prudential plan," and became the pioneer of life insurance in that form, with phenomenal success.

But the organization in which Mr. Harper takes especial pride, and with which he has been most closely identified, is the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, whose executive head he now is. When he took charge of this Association, a little less than five years ago, its business was trifling. Its volume doubled in the first month, trebled in the third month, and increased in such a geometrical ratio, that in 1885 it did a business of over \$200,000 a day. The surplus has increased at the rate of \$1,000 per day in cash. Over \$1,750,000 has been paid in cash to widows and orphans of deceased members alone. To-day its membership-rolls count 41,000 souls, 14,500 of whom were admitted to the Association in 1885.

At the last annual meeting, a singular expression of confidence in President Harper's management was given. His term of office as a member of the Board of Directors had expired by limitation, but he was unanimously re-elected amid the greatest enthusiasm.



EDWARD B. HARPER, PRESIDENT MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

Complimentary resolutions, thanking him for his careful administration, were adopted, and the festivities of the occasion were closed with a banquet at Delmonico's.

On May 1st, the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association will move into new quarters in the lately erected Potter Building at the corner of Park Row and Beekman Street, New York. Two floors of this handsome edifice have been set aside for the use of the

Company. The young company was forced to move from the small office which it originally occupied on Fulton Street to its present abode in the Bryant Building; and now it finds these quarters all too small for the proper conduct of its large and rapidly increasing patronage.

Mr. Harper is as prominent in social life as he is in that of the business of the city. As Master of Crescent Lodge No. 402, F. and A. M., he occupies a high position in the ranks of Masonry. He is also a Knight of the Order of the Mystic Shrine. He is one of the most earnest workers in the Calvary Baptist Church, and only a fortnight ago was elected President of the Baptist Social Union of Manhattan Island, held at Delmonico's, where his pastor, Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, D. D., and other prominent divines, made congratulatory speeches in his honor.

BROADWAY RAILROAD INVESTIGATION.

A SESSION of the Senate Committee at present engaged in investigating the Broadway Railroad matter in New York city is illustrated on this page. The Hon. Roscoe Conkling, the senior counsel, is represented in the act of searching the documents. Thus far, his search has been of little avail; and what with Mr. Jacob Sharp's failure of memory, and the excessive reticence shown in quarters from which certain information, if it could be obtained, would be interesting and valuable, direct evidence of the bribery of the ex-Aldermen accumulates but slowly. Latterly, the interest of the public in the matter has been diverted by the sudden transfer of the control of the roads in litigation to a Philadelphia syndicate, for a consideration of about \$3,000,000. The motives of these purchasers, at present posing as innocent third parties, may perhaps be made intelligible by the suit which has been brought to restrain Sharp and his lieutenants from disposing of their stock.

The primary purpose of a legislative investigation like the present one, is to improve the law. The general result will doubtless be some important restriction upon the power of the Board of Aldermen to grant street-railway franchises. The special result is likely to be a suit by the Attorney-general, in the name of the people, to vacate the charter of the Broadway Surface Railroad Corporation. Two Bills to that effect have already been introduced in the Legislature. The disclosures made already prove that not even the forms of law were complied with by the persons who engineered the scheme; and that, in their subsequent proceedings, the directors disregarded all interests of stockholders, issued bonds, and scattered them broadcast in a manner which would long ago have led to a stockholders' suit for the annulment of the charter, had not proceedings even more iniquitous on the part of the company claimed attention.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE SENATE COMMITTEE INVESTIGATION OF THE GRANTING OF THE BROADWAY RAILWAY FRANCHISE.—MR. CONKLING SEARCHING A BANK-BOOK.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

HER SKETCH-BOOK.

THEY leaned together over the page
Her hand had painted—a meadow pond
O'erspread with lilies—a rustic gate,
And a glimpse of the spire beyond;

And, deftly outlined, a loitering pair
Of lovers stood in the leafy space;
The girl had the artist's own dark hair,
And the artist's own proud face.

"A fancy picture," she lightly said,
Yet she checked a sigh that fain would cross
Her pleasant talking, as if she felt
Some pang of remembered loss.

And he—he looked at her downcast eyes,
Not at the picture. His heart beat fast
With the passionate love of a man's strong youth,
The love that is first—and last!

And both were silent. He longed to say,
"I love—I love you, sweet heart!" and she,
"I buried my heart in that pool, one day—
There is no more love for me."

MARY ANGE DEVERE.

The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

I DID not pause a moment. I walked straight
up to the white-faced and trembling survivor,
and spoke to him. But there were some
things which I noted, as I moved forward, which
it is necessary to the complete understanding of
the story that I should mention.

The dead man lay in such a position that I
could not see his face. He was slight, but tall,
and well dressed in garments which were so
thoroughly cosmopolitan as to make any guess at
his nationality useless.

The man by the tree was undoubtedly a Ger-
man, and equally undoubtedly a gentleman of
culture and wealth; the indescribable something
which each man carries in face and manner, tell-
ing something of himself to the world about him,
and possibly concealing more, testified that he had
money and the solid advantages which it brings,
and hinted that he might be a man of rank as well.

He was well dressed. I will not describe in de-
tail the garments he wore, though my mind was
so alert that his appearance remains fixed in my
memory, with photographic exactness, to this day.
I will mention particularly only two things: He
wore a necktie which struck me as peculiar, a
black ground with irregularly placed white spots
of varying size; and there was a handsome, and
evidently costly, emerald in his shirt-front.

I walked up to him, and spoke to him.

"What has happened?" I asked.

He made no answer; he made no movement; I
could not see his eyes, nor much of his face, but
his glance was evidently riveted intently upon the
form of the dead man opposite him.

"What has happened?" I asked again.
Still no answer.

I laid my hand upon his shoulder. No electric
shock could have stirred him to quick and active
life with more suddenness than this act of mine
did. He shook off my hand from where I had
placed it, with an energy I had not given him the
credit of possessing. He raised his eyes to mine.
Unfaltering resolution and quiet inscrutableness
settled into the glance from his eyes, and into the
lines on cheek and chin and brow, so suddenly
that I could scarcely believe I had seen the rapid
changes from amazement to fear, from fear to
crafty cruelty, and from that to the look which
came to remain. It is only in the light of what
has happened since that I feel sure my observa-
tion was correct.

He drew a pistol and cocked it. I believe I was
too excited to feel fear then. But Fate is not
likely to call a man more than twice; when I
stand so near my grave again, as I did then, there
will be no time left for regrets nor repentance.
Since I learned how near I came to dying that
night—learned not then, but months afterwards—I
have honestly endeavored to be always ready.

"What has happened?" he repeated, with calm,
grim sarcasm, handling the pistol, meantime, in a
far from reassuring manner. "What has hap-
pened? It looks remarkably like murder, does it not?"

"It—it wasn't a duel, then?" I stammered.

Heaven knows I had never thought of that until
just then, and that if he had answered in the
affirmative I should have believed he lied.

"A duel? no!" he answered, with something of
contempt in his tone. Then he added: "It was a
cold-blooded murder. I presume you understand
that?" and he thrust his pistol almost directly
under my nose.

"I—I—I know it?" I said, moving back in a
manner as undignified as it was prudent; "I know
nothing about it—nothing but what I can see."

He looked me in the face for at least a full
minute, his whole attitude one of doubt and sus-
picion. Then he lowered his pistol a little—lowered
it just enough, as I distinctly remember, to
make me thankful that the danger to life was a
trifle less than it had been, and to cause me to
wonder whether it would be much less painful to
be shot in the legs than through the head.

"Tell me what you have seen," he said, sharply.
"Seen? I've seen—seen this," pointing to the
objects about us, "and—and a woman."

"A woman—ha! What of her?" he cried,
laying his hand upon my arm. "How did she
look? Whom did she resemble? What did—"

"I did not see her face," I interrupted him.

He gave a sigh of relief.

"Then this is all, is it?" he asked, earnestly.
"All," I answered; "and in God's name is it
not enough?"

He turned away his head so that I could not see
his face. His voice sounded strange and un-
natural as he replied. It was surely neither time
nor place for mirth; was this gentleman stran-
gling a laugh as he spoke?

"It is enough," he said, slowly, "quite enough.
The dead man was a dear friend—a relative. I
think the rascals meant to kill us both. Are you
armed?"

I held up my cane, a stout oaken stick, by way
of answer.

"Bah! nothing more than a cudgel. Here, take
this. I am too much unnerved to go fast; but you
may overtake some of them. It's not five minutes
since they ran away, barely a minute before you
came. They went that way. Take it; I insist
upon it," and my danger from him was over (I
thought), for he thrust his own pistol into my
hand.

"That way" led directly into the thick woods,
and my blood was beginning to get cool again and
my valor to listen to my reason. But there was
something in the whole manner of the man—a
man born to command—which inspired me with a
desire to go on with the wild adventure of the
night. I took the weapon eagerly, and went into
the wood.

My new-found acquaintance was evidently right,
so far as his powers of observation were con-
cerned; some one had evidently forced his way
through in the direction I was taking, and only a
short time before. Despite the sombre shadows
of the night, the track was an easy one to follow.
I had gone on for perhaps ten minutes, when I
came in sight of a man ahead of me. My first
impulse, believing him to be one of the assassins,
was to fire on him. I acted on my second thought,
and shouted at him instead.

"Halt—halt instantly," I commanded.

He obeyed promptly, waiting until I should
come up with him.

He stood in the shadow, making anything like
an examination from a distance impossible. Be-
sides, I had to give some attention to the under-
growth through which I was forcing my way, and
I had given no special attention to the face of the
man before me until I stood within a yard of
him. Of course I had watched his hands, not
being without some misgivings as to possible
treachery on the part of a fleeing criminal who
could be brought to a stand so promptly.

I stopped, less than a minute from the time I
had called upon him to halt, within a pace of him.
I raised my eyes to his face. Astounding mys-
tery! It was the face of the man who had given
me the pistol into which I looked. Line for line
and curve for curve, the faces were the same; the
hair was the same; the eyes were the same. The
face had gained something since I left the man's
side not a quarter of an hour before—gained
something in place of something else which it had
lost. One face was one to trust and love, the
other one to—think about! But it was only in
spirit, soul, that the change lay; flesh and bone
and blood—they were one.

But—

Was it possible the shimmering moonlight had
played me a fantastic trick? There had been
white spots, irregularly placed and of varying
size, on the necktie of the man I had found lean-
ing against the tree. This necktie was one deep,
unbroken black. And—

A hurrying fugitive might have lost a jewel, an
emerald, for instance, from his shirt-front, in the
course of his flight. It was extremely unlikely
that he would, after having "jumped into a
bramble bush and scratched out" his emerald,
proceed "with all his might and main to jump
into another bush and scratch" a diamond into its
place! But the man I had stopped in full
retreat wore a handsome diamond in his shirt-
front.

I heard voices behind me, and turned my head.
It was only for an instant. It was enough. The
pistol was knocked from my hand, my hat was
crushed down over my eyes; I got a blow across
the bridge of my nose which I shall never forget.
By the time I had picked up my pistol and myself
the gentleman whom I had captured had disap-
peared.

I walked dejectedly back towards the place
where the murder had occurred. There is no-
thing so dispiriting as so have a deed well done
suddenly undone—it is far worse than the failure
to do anything at all could possibly be. I could
have endured finding no one in my search; but
you can scarcely realize how much the loss of the
man I had found disturbed me.

But my appetite for adventure was getting more
than satisfied. I would go back and report my
ill success to the man I had attempted to serve.

"I'll go back to headquarters, to the original," I
muttered to myself, with an assumed nonchal-
ance which was far from being satisfying or self-decep-
tive. And I glanced anxiously into the forest, full
of superstitions awe I could neither ridicule nor
reason down; I could not help wondering how
many of him were loitering near by, and what
styles of neck-wear and jewelry they affected!

CHAPTER III.—I HAVE A TALK WITH
COUNT VARRAZ.

I WAS not long in returning to the opening
among the trees where the tragedy had been
enacted. When I went into the forest I had hur-
ried because of what might be ahead, and reason
and valor held sway over every action; when I re-
turned I came equally fast, a mad, unreasoning
belief in what might be behind following me with
its crazing power. Fear is no less strong than a
hope for vengeance; I had been brave enough al-
ready to deserve some credit; I frankly confess
that I returned in less time than it took me to go.
Nor was the road much easier.

Citizens and officials crowded the little forest
glade when I returned. My response to the cry
at midnight had only been quickest and most

prompt; there were scores of others who had re-
sponded, only a little later.

Some present evidently regarded me with sus-
picion. My clothes were torn in places, and my
hat was badly crushed. It was not unreasonable
in the citizens to look upon so disreputable-ap-
pearing a personage as a man of whom to stand
in doubt.

But a gentleman present reassured them, and
was kind enough to vouch for me. It is scarcely
necessary, I presume, for me to mention that he
had a spotted necktie, and wore an emerald in his
shirt-front.

The dead body was about being removed. It had
been placed upon a rude litter, a cloth laid over
the face, and four men were about moving up the
lonely road with their sad burden.

The wind sighed weirdly through the branches,
and tossed a corner of the cloth aside from the
dead man's breast. There was a ragged wound,
no doubt, where his strong heart had beaten an
hour ago, for the clothes were cut and torn, and
were soaked with the clotted blood. Yet this
affected me but little. I saw another thing before
one of the men smoothed the cloth back to its
place; the dead man wore a handsome ornament
in his shirt-front—this time a pearl met my eye.
I stepped forward, determined to have a look at
the dead man's face, determined to try to read
from the silent honesty of death something of
what his death had been. But I heard one behind
me speaking of me, vouching for me as I have
said; I turned towards him. The men lifted the
dead and bore him away. I never saw what man-
ner of man was slain that night in the German
forest glade; I never looked on the face of the
one to whom I had been so strangely bidden and
guided; the one I had been too late to save—
though I may have been just late enough to save
myself, withal—passed up the shaded road and
out of my sight for ever.

"He's all right, I assure you," my new ac-
quaintance was saying; "you need have no sus-
picious of him. He was only fortunate—or un-
fortunate—enough to be quicker than the rest of
you. His coming caused the murderers to flee.
He doubtless saved my life, though he was too
late to frighten them away until they had done
for that poor lad they are carrying away yonder.
Let me thank you personally," he said, turning
cordially towards me, his face calm and dignified,
and full of color and animation again; "you are
entitled to much credit for your bravery and
promptness, Mr.—Mr.—"

He hesitated. I took out my cardcase and laid
my card in his hand.

"John Adams Sylvester," he read aloud; "why,
my dear sir, you must be an American?"

"Certainly," I said.

Then this man of the world tickled my boyish
vanity as he could have done in no other way. I
am proud of America, of course, as what Ameri-
can is not? Equally, of course, I am proud in
thinking, as what tourist is not?—that travel has
made my manners and dress, and my whole per-
sonality, cosmopolitan. I had that belief, in a
mild form, I hope, then.

"I should have been puzzled where to place
you," he said, frankly. "Let me be one to wel-
come you to the greatest country in the world,
from the one whose son I would most gladly call
myself could I not be a German."

He stretched out his hand. Was there ever
more subtle flattery? I grasped his fingers with
true Western force. I had found a friend at last,
the first one I had met in Europe.

The gentleman handed me his card. I took it
and read thereon:

"COUNT CARL VARRAZ."

What an honor! I had served a count, or tried
to do so. He had taken my hand in his. Don't
laugh at me; don't score me; don't blame me.
The same weak side at les in American human
nature universally, though we do come from an
ancestry that gave kingcraft a blow from which it
will yet perish. Let those of us admire princes
and potentates secretly and quite by ourselves, of
course, who have no pseudo nobility of our own
dating from Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower.

The count turned and gravely introduced me to
the most prominent men of the town as, "My
friend, Mr. Sylvester." After that I would have
done anything for him. Going through the tradi-
tional fire and water was nothing. I would
have gone alone into the forest again at his bid-
ding—yes, even at his suggestion. There would
be no need, henceforth, for one to run through
my dreams or the night crying, "Come; come if
you dare," when a service to Count Varraz was
in question. There might be need for more than
that to cause me to leave him and his friendship
behind me, some day when the rolling earth had
made the unknown future the quick and pregnant
present.

The authorities were examining the scene of the
recent crime; they were shaking their head learn-
edly over the broken twigs and crushed ground;
they were looking wise over the bloody pool where
the man had lain; they—but why multiply words?
You know just what men do and say when need is
greatest and they most fail it.

Further away were the common people, with
their cries and lamentations and unheeded (possi-
bly unheeded) suggestions.

As for me, the count took me by the arm and
led me a little to one side. He evidently desired
to speak with me.

He lighted a cigar, and I noted with admiration
how firm and steady his hand was. He offered
me one. I took it. The mystic tie of the narcot-
ic smoke bound us together.

"You're back all right? I scarcely expected
that," he said, with a smile that was as unfathom-
able as it was apparently frank.

Such a statement was decidedly disagreeable
when I remembered the load I had seen upon
the road a little time before; it was none the less
unpleasant when I thought of the blow in the face

which my new friend, the Count Varraz, had given
me—when he wore a black tie and a diamond!

I shuddered. You would have done the same.
Pardon me, reader with the strong nerves, my ex-
perience of human nature leads me to think you
wouldn't have been there. You would have been
late.

"I'm back," I said, simply.

"Did—did you see any one?" he asked, eagerly.

It is not to be recommended that one begin his
intercourse with a friend by deliberately lying to
him. But prudence sometimes commands what
good morals would condemn, and were not intui-
tion sometimes quicker than reason, conscience
would thrive at the expense of safety.

I lied to Count Varraz.

I did not call it lying then. I carefully chose
my words in such a way as to tell him no untruth.
But I have started out to tell my story honestly,
without quibbling over words; I lied to him.

"See any one? Who was there to see? The
wretches had an excellent start, and doubtless
knew the forest better than a stranger. Besides
that, is it likely I would have come back if I had
met them?"

"I think not," he said, blowing out a huge
cloud of smoke, and meditatively watching it dis-
appear. "I think not. I am surprised you didn't
overtake them, though."

And he let his smile fall all about me again,
like December sunshine.

He stood for a minute or more, his head bowed
down, evidently thinking deeply. He was not so
cool and calm, after all, as he would have had the
people about him believe.

He raised his face, and looked squarely at me.

"You may think me presuming for a stranger,"
he said, slowly, "but there are some things I want
to say to you. I need a friend, a confidant, a
helper. I must turn to a stranger, since I can
trust no one else."

"You can trust me, I hope," I said.

"I think so. If I can, you may find my friend-
ship worth having."

"I believe it," I said. Perhaps I did. God
judge me.

He leaned over towards me, and spoke in a
whisper.

"You are brave? You like danger?"

"I am no coward," I said, eagerly; "but I hope
I am too prudent to love danger for its own sake."

He shrugged his shoulders, and laughed softly.

"Well spoken, young man, well spoken; I could
not have chosen a better answer to place in the
mouth of the man who is to be my friend. It will
be unsafe and hazardous to be Count Varraz's
friend; will you come? Do you dare?"

He pointed down the road. His face was in
shadow just then; possibly its masculine rugged-
ness and sternness would have blotted out the
likeness, could I have looked upon it just then;
but the gesture, in its grace and inspiration, was
no new thing—it stirred my memory strangely.
Was it for this that I had followed pleasure across
the sea? Was it to pledge my life and loyalty to
a stranger to whom I had come over the dead man
who had lain at his feet? Was it for this that for-
tune had smiled upon the country lad in Pennsylv-
ania? My whole future, my whole life, my
eternal weal or woe, perhaps, were hanging in the
balance. Was it for this I was born?—for this I
had lived?—for this, possibly, I was to die? It
might be; the woman whose grace Varraz's ges-
ture had just counterfeited had called me when I
was poor—she had not said to what. And she
who had ran and cried and beckoned to me, only
in dreams before, had led me Count Varraz's way
that night.

I am old enough to whisper the word "Provi-
dence" under my white mustache now; then, had
I spoken my thought at all, it would have been
"Fate" which my hot lips would have uttered.
Never mind the word; the deed was much as it
would have been for any other word.

I laid my hand in that of Count Varraz.

"I will be your friend," I said.

"We use our friends in this land."

"So be it. Use me."

He drew me a pace further into the shadows.

"I will not accept your friendship from a rash
hand and heart," he said. "I will only take it
when you understand all."

"Speak on."

"I will begin by saying that the compact will be
mutual. I ask no service I would not render. I
accept no sacrifice I would not make. You may
be asked some day, or night, to lay down your life
for Count Varraz, and to do it with a smile upon
your silent lips."

"Yes."

"Rest assured that if circumstances ever make
it necessary, I will as cheerfully give my life for
you."

"I believe it," I said. I did. God judge him.

"I will explain how desperate my needs may be,
by telling how desperate they have been."

I bowed.

"When one comes to rescue another from
danger, he takes his life in his hand. Is not
that so?"

"Certainly."

"It is a valid offer of the one life for the other,
is it not?"

I am not the first man who has listened to
sophistry, masquerading as logic, and never
guessed the cheat.

"Certainly," I said again.

"And the one in danger has the right to accept
and use, while the danger lasts—for a minute, or
an hour, or a day—the tacit offer, and use the life
tendered in his service as he will?"

Other men than I have bowed their heads to
promise, only to find that the hand and voice
must be raised against conclusion.

"I—I don't know. Does that follow?" I asked.

"Follow?" he said, sternly, and a bit reproach-
fully; "of course it does. Let me go over the
ground again."

"Never mind," said I; "perhaps it does."

He bowed gravely.

"I honor your frankness," he said. "One has only to convince you. Some of your countrymen would argue against axioms themselves. My thought is new to you; but it is true. You see the truth. You bow your mind and reason to it. It is contrary to many things you have believed; contrary to some things you have hoped. What of that? Truth is truth. We must live and die by it. Truth may be unpleasant, we cannot help that. That is for God's hand to regulate." He leaned over and whispered his closing words in my ear. "Pain and treachery and death are awful—they are mysteries; but they are true."

I looked at the man with a new interest. This was a German philosopher, was it?

Now I wasn't convinced, notwithstanding what the count had assumed. I didn't believe in the atrocious doctrine he advocated. Had it not been for the memory of the road which ran east under the window of my boyhood's home, and of the hand which had pointed down it toward the flush of morning, I should have left the count long ago. But now there was more than that—more than that and the thought of the woman I had followed only a little time since. There was the personality of the man—a sort of fascination or magnetism—to count in every calculation now. I was dazed and bewildered, stunned and distraught. I was certainly not convinced, though I knew the count was older and wiser than myself, and beyond any question a man of wider experience. You couldn't convince an Indian of the danger of walking on a railroad-track by any system of logic which has fallen under my notice; but a locomotive running at forty miles an hour would be likely to appeal to his intelligence in a more concrete manner. Count Varraz was wiser than I. I was not convinced; but I was in a state of mental breathlessness.

"All this accounts for my sending you into the forest," said the count, in a debonair manner. "You came rushing down here into an unknown danger, into an affair which I am not intending disrespectful in saying was none of your business. Why?"

"Because—" I began.

The count waved his hand deprecatingly.

"I didn't ask you," he said. "The question was only a form. Curiosity? I think not. Meddlesome? No. Bravery and chivalry, those are the words. You are a true American."

He paused a moment. As I made no reply he continued:

"You came down here, knowing you might be killed. You came down here with a reasonable expectation that you would be killed. It's scarcely a stretch of facts to say you came to be killed. You admit that?"

"I admit—" I began.

"Thank you," said the count; "you admit it. Time presses. Let us not waste it. That is enough. Well, I tried to accommodate you; I needed to send some one through yonder—some time, perhaps, I'll tell you why—and I sent you; I am charmed to see you back, but I am surprised, astonished, amazed. I sent you to your death, Mr. Sylvester, like that," and he viciously tossed away his half-smoked cigar.

I looked at the man in consternation.

He laughed softly, and held out his hand again.

"Do you want my friendship, Mr. Sylvester, or do you not? Will you come? Do you dare?"

I clasped his hand again, less warmly than before, and I made a mental reservation when I said, "I admire you, Count Varraz."

There are several things I admire, the tiger and the rattlesnake among the rest.

"Well," said the count, "the authorities and citizens seem to have found out quite fully how much they don't know, and are about going. In fact, there are not a half-dozen left. I sent for my carriage while you were in the wood. I hear it coming now. Dine with me to-morrow, or, rather, to-day, for it is well towards morning."

"Thank you, I will," I said, as the carriage came up, just as the last loiterer passed out of sight.

"Heaven willing," added the count, smiling and kissing his hand to me, as he sprang lightly into his carriage and was whirled away towards the east. I watched him out of sight, and stood looking in that direction until the sound of the carriage-wheels could no longer be heard. Then I turned to walk the lonely way to my hotel again. A half-dozen men, all armed with swords and with masks over their faces, stood in the road.

"Dead men tell no tales," said the leader. "It is your turn to die now, Mr. Sylvester."

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

JULIUS DINDER, DESIGNATED ARCHBISHOP OF GNESEN AND POSEN.

The new Archbishop of Posen, nominated by the Pope as successor to the celebrated Cardinal Ledochowski, was born March 9th, 1830, in Rösels, and entered the priesthood in 1852. The vacancy in the Archbishopric of Gnesen and Posen has existed since April 15th, 1874, when Archbishop Ledochowski was imprisoned for resisting the decrees of the German Empire. Pope Pius IX., sympathizing with the imprisoned prelate, nominated him a Cardinal at the Consistory held in Rome, March 15th, 1875. He was released from prison on February 2d, 1876, but, not being allowed to resume his Archbishopric, was banished. He retired to Rome, and has since remained there in charge of his official church, Santa Maria in Ara Cœli, of which he took possession May 11th, 1876. As he would not resign his Archbishopric, the Pope held that no vacancy existed. But the German Government would not allow him to return, so the Polish Roman Catholics have been all the time without an Archbishopric head. But the recent establishment of a *modus vivendi* between the Pope and the German Empire has resulted in the resignation of Ledochowski, whereupon Pope

Led made a new nomination to the position, which the German Government has confirmed.

LADY DUFFERIN PRESENTING COLORS.

A picturesque Anglo-Indian incident, of recent occurrence, was the presentation of a new stand of colors to the Eighteenth Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry, by Lady Dufferin, at Alipur. This corps is an historic one. It was raised in 1795, being then called the Calcutta Native Militia. Its strength was gradually augmented, till in 1815 it reached nearly 2,000 men. The regiment served in the first Burmese War, the Sonthal Rebellion, the Bhutan Campaign, and the Naga Expedition, and remained loyal during the mutiny of 1857. It is composed of two companies of Hindoostanee Mohammedans, one of Brahmans, two of Rajputs, one of other Hindoos, and two of Gurkhas and Hill men. The presentation of the colors was preceded by a religious ceremony. Lady Dufferin made a speech, and the Viceroy personally congratulated the British and native officers.

NATIVE CUSTOMS IN MADAGASCAR.

The French did not succeed, in the recent diplomatic negotiations with Madagascar, in establishing a protectorate over the island; though they hope, as a result of the reciprocal commercial relations newly entered upon, that the European influence will soon become dominant. In the interior, as yet, there has been but little change in the manners and customs of the Malagasy population. One of their peculiar ceremonial demonstrations at the tombs of revered ancestors, not unlike those practiced in China, is shown in our picture.

RETURN OF THE VICTORS TO PHILIPPOLIS.

Prince Alexander's appearance in the capital of Eastern Roumelia, in his new capacity of Governor of the Province which has been united with Bulgaria, was hailed with a popular enthusiasm exceeding that which marked his appearance there at the opening of the revolt. The return of the battle-stained troops from their victories at Slivnitza and Pirov was celebrated a little while previous to Prince Alexander's *rentrée*. Our picture portrays their reception in the Djoumaia Square. An arch of triumph had been reared, flags were flung out, and garlands and wreaths of flowers were showered upon the soldiers by the vast crowds which filled every available place of look-out, even to the minarets of the mosque.

THE WAR FEELING IN GREECE.

The scene portrayed in the engraving, representing the populace of Athens holding a kind of war mass-meeting in front of the Royal Palace, on the 17th ult., is in contrast to the later advice received by telegraph. Then the cry of "Vive la guerre!" roused the army and navy to spasmodic activity. Now it is announced that Greece has formally submitted to the European Powers, which threatened coercion if she should insist upon disturbing the peace. Leaving out the question of the kingdom's treaty rights, it was evident to her friends that mere threats could not force from the Powers concessions which in the present course of policy they were not disposed to make.

THE LONDON RIOTS.

The view of Trafalgar Square, showing the crowds of unemployed workmen assembled about the base of the Nelson Monument, represents the beginning of the socialistic disturbances which have agitated London for some three weeks past. This mass-meeting was held on Monday, February 8th. It was peaceable enough in itself, and even the speeches of the leaders of the Social-Democratic faction do not appear to have been of so incendiary a character as exaggerated reports have declared. Messrs. Hyndman, Burns, Champion and Williams are able, earnest leaders, and their recent trial has failed to prove that their purpose in addressing the people was to incite them to riot. Nevertheless, Mr. Hyndman spoke the truth when he said that it was useless to ask men who are starving and out of employment to be "moderate." After the meeting the more turbulent portion of the assemblage, to the number of 1,000 or more, moved in a body into Pall Mall, carrying a red flag, and threatening violence. Their progress through Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and several other West End thoroughfares, was marked by broken windows and general wreckage of the fronts of shops and club-houses. The police remained inactive. Finally, after having sacked and plundered a shoe-shop and poultry-market, the mob dispersed. Rioting was not subsequently renewed, but socialistic mass-meetings continued to be held. The four orators—Hyndman, Burns, Champion and Williams—were arrested, and their trial is in progress at the present writing. They were remanded until Saturday of last week, when they were committed for trial for misdemeanor at the Central Criminal Court. The London police are universally censured for having made no attempt to disperse the mob of the 8th, while two weeks later they made a cowardly and unprovoked attack upon a peaceful crowd of Socialists who were holding a meeting in Hyde Park.

SKATE-SAILING ON THE HUDSON.

THE catalogue of American ice-sports is likely to be augmented next winter by the general introduction of skate-sailing. Already two or three Dances have given exhibitions of this novel method of locomotion, creating quite a sensation on the Upper Hudson. The skate-sail is a Danish contrivance, quite common in the Baltic ports, and sometimes seen in Canada in a cumbersome form requiring two skaters to operate it. The Danish rig, which will probably be adopted by skaters on the Hudson, is simple and quite rakish. Its parts and general dimensions are shown in our picture. There is a square lower sail, and a top-sail, both in one piece, and divided by a shoulder-rod. Hand-sprits serve as "tacks" and "sheets," by means of which the skater—who is boat, sail, skipper and crew combined—can lay within five points of the wind, and perform all the evolutions of an ice-boat or a yacht. The degree of speed attainable by an expert skate-sailer is equal to that of an ordinary railway train, and is less than that of the swiftest ice-boat only because of the inability of the skater to keep his full weight upon the ice, except in sailing before the wind.

THE JUSTICES IN A STREET-CAR.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Cleveland Leader writes: "I rode home from the Capitol last night in a car in which there were half a dozen Justices of the Supreme Court, and, when off the Bench, I can tell you you will not find a jollier set of fellows anywhere. They had left their gowns in the dressing-room, and came into

the car in overcoats and mufflers. Stanley Matthews led the procession, and he took his seat way up near the fare-box, where, during the whole trip, he bobbed up and down putting in fares, and getting change for the people behind him. Just opposite him sat Judge Miller, and at the side of Matthews was the Chief-Justice. After the vehicle had gone a block or two, a little ruddy-faced boy of perhaps six years got into it, but failed to find a seat. Chief-Justice Waite took him by the hand, and said: 'How do you do, my little man? Let me have your fare, and I will pass it up.' Stanley Matthews put the boy's fare in, and Justice Miller got hold of the boy's hand, and drawing him in between his big fat legs, gave him a seat on the edge of the bench, and made much of him during the whole ride. Strangers who came into the car asked questions of the great judges, whom they did not know, and were kindly answered without condescension. Poorly dressed women came in, and these ten-thousand-dollar-a-year justices squeezed themselves into uncomfortable positions to give them room. In short, their whole manner was so democratic and simple that it would have delighted the heart of a Ben. Franklin. I find this to be the case with all of those who are really great. Such men are not ostentatious, and they feel their failings more than their virtues. They do not forget that they were all babies once, and that they will all be corpses by-and-by."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE exact meaning of "horse-power" is the raising of 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute of time.

In England a pulley sixty-three feet in diameter and weighing eighty-three tons has just been made. It has grooves for thirty-two ropes, which together will transmit 1,280 horse-power, and the rim will have a velocity of more than a mile a minute.

The substitution of glass flooring for boards continues to increase in Paris, this being especially the case in the business structures in which the cellars are used as offices. At the bank of the Crédit Lyonnais the whole of the ground in front is paved with large squares of roughened glass embedded in a strong iron frame, and in the cellars beneath there is sufficient light, even on dull days, to enable clerks to work without gas. The large central hall at the offices of the Comptoir d'Escompte has also been provided with this kind of flooring; and, although its prime cost is considerably greater than that of boards, glass is in the long run far cheaper, owing to its almost unlimited durability.

THE Parisian authorities systematically liquefy the snow with salt, except on macadamized streets (where the process causes disaggregation of the stones). This practice has obtained since 1881. Rock-salt is used, costing in Paris about thirty-one francs a ton. Large quantities are stored in the beginning of Winter in different places, and when a snowfall occurs a number of workmen repair to these, and each fills a barrow, and takes it to sprinkle on that part of the streets assigned to him. The salt produces its full effect only when the passage of vehicles has mixed it sufficiently with the snow. In two or three hours liquefaction is so far advanced as to allow of the streets being swept. The salt is little used on pavements. The employment of salt in the way indicated is found to effect a considerable economy on previous methods.

CONVENIENT method for rendering ordinary drawing-paper transparent for the purpose of making tracings and of removing its transparency so as to restore its former appearance when the drawing is completed has been invented by M. Puscher. It consists in dissolving a given quantity of castor-oil in one, two or three volumes of absolute alcohol, according to the thickness of the paper, and applying it by means of a sponge. The alcohol evaporates in a few minutes and the tracing-paper is dry and ready for immediate use. The drawing and tracing can be made either with lead-pencil or Indian ink and the oil removed from the paper by immersing it in absolute alcohol, thus restoring its original opacity. The alcohol employed in removing the first oil is, of course, reserved for diluting the oil used in preparing the next sheet.

SOME experiments on a large butcher's dog, with reference to the effects of sundry beverages on digestion, have been recently described by Signor Ogata (*Archiv für Hygiene*). The observations were made by means of a stomachal fistula (quite heated); the dog was fed on horse-flesh and fibrin from ox-blood. The following conclusions (which may not be strictly applicable to man, accustomed to the drinks named) were reached: (1) Water, water containing carbonic acid, tea and coffee in moderate amount, do not disturb digestion. (2) Beer, wine, and brandy retard digestion considerably at first, till absorbed; and in the case of beer, the extractive matters act thus as well as the alcohol. Thus beer retards digestion more than wine containing the same quantity of alcohol. (3) Sugar (cane and grape) retards digestion considerably. (4) Common salt accelerates it distinctly.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 20TH.—In Milwaukee, Wis., Joseph H. Yewdale, well-known printer, aged 63 years; in Humboldt, Neb., ex-Senator G. M. Filson, aged 66 years. FEBRUARY 21ST.—In New York, Charles Forrester, superintendent of the newspaper department in the Post-office, aged 72 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Kenward Philp, story and newspaper writer, aged 40 years. FEBRUARY 22ND.—In Concord, N. H., the Rev. Dr. Ebenezer E. Cummings, well-known Baptist clergyman, aged 86 years; in New York, Baron Lothar Frederick von Lyncker, aged 50 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. John A. Baldwin, Presbyterian minister, aged 76 years. FEBRUARY 23RD.—In St. Louis, Mo., John S. Cavender, formerly a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, aged 62 years. FEBRUARY 24TH.—In New York, the Rev. Edward Palmer, formerly a well-known Unitarian minister and abolitionist, aged 84 years; in New York, the Rev. Valentine Buck, Methodist Episcopal minister, aged 84 years; in Detroit, Mich., Henry N. Walker, well-known lawyer, and formerly editor of the *Free Press*; in Long Meadow, Mass., the Rev. Dr. Samuel Walcott, formerly a missionary to Turkey, aged 73 years. FEBRUARY 25TH.—At Fortress Monroe, Va., Harrison Phœbus, proprietor of the Hygieia Hotel, aged 46 years; in Dover, N. H., City Treasurer Franklin Freeman, aged 58 years; in Des Moines, Ia., Judge James L. Mitchell, of Nebraska, a leading Democrat. FEBRUARY 26TH.—In New York, J. P. Girard Foster, prominent lawyer, aged 53 years; in New Orleans, La., Major Henry St. Paul Sawyer, journalist and soldier, i. e. of Mobile, Ala.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE King and Queen of Sweden have become teetotalers.

THE Crown Prince of Germany has seventy-two decorations.

ELLEN TERRY gets \$375 a week, fifty-two weeks in the year.

LOUIS KOSSUTH is a visitor at Naples the other day: "I am only a ruin."

MME. BERNHARDT is knitting a long purse—she expects to make 1,600,000 francs in her American tour.

SIR WILLIAM JENNER, the well-known physician, has ordered Lord Salisbury to go abroad to recruit his health.

SENATOR VEST of Missouri, who is seriously ill with neuralgia at the base of the brain, will go to Georgia and Florida for rest and treatment.

M. DE LESSEPS made a triumphal entry into Panama on the 22d ult. The enthusiasm of the populace is said to have been "unprecedented." The State Government subsequently gave him a banquet.

BRET HARTE has now taken up his residence in London, living with a charming Belgian family by the name of Van de Velde, whose head was wilhom Chargé d'Affaires from his country to the Court of St. James.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT-ATTORNEY DICKSON was assailed by two sons of the Mormon leader, Cannon, one day last week, but was not seriously injured. The assailants were arrested, but one of them subsequently escaped.

"BOOTHDEN," the Summer residence of Mr. Edwin Booth at Newport, R. I., is for sale. He is going to the Pacific Slope, and thence to London and Berlin, and finally will make a long professional visit to Australia.

THE son of the late Admiral Farragut is about to return to Captain James D. Johnston, of Savannah, the sword surrendered to Farragut on the 5th of April, 1864, when the Confederate ship *Tennessee* was captured in Mobile Bay.

THE estate of the late John B. Gough is estimated at less than \$75,000. He leaves a house and 200 acres of valuable land about six miles from Worcester, Mass. His library is valued at \$2,000. His personal property will yield his widow an income of \$2,500.

MR. ARNOLD MORLEY, the new Whip of the Liberals in the House of Commons, is a young and singularly handsome man. He is a lawyer, and has worked as diligently at that profession as though he were poor and friendless, instead of the son of a man whose income is \$1,000,000 a year.

JUDGE TORRENCE, of Minnesota, relates with pride that when he stood at the death-bed of his mother she took his left hand, felt it, and then said, "Give me the other hand, my son." And as she felt it, with the two shortened fingers shot away in battle, she murmured, "That is the one I want," raised it to her lips, and soon after sank to rest.

THE young King of Siam seems determined to reform the judiciary of his kingdom by punishing judges who are even suspected of being guilty of corrupt practices. A short time ago, Rhyia Chamroen, the Chief Judge of the International Court, was charged with accepting a bribe, whereupon His Majesty ordered the offending official to be publicly flogged and then suspended from office.

THE irony of heroine-worship was illustrated recently at Saltire, England, where relics of the Brontë family were sold at auction. A water-color by Charlotte of her dog "Floss" fetched \$27.50; a crayon landscape, \$25; a letter of Charlotte to Martha Brown, \$26; a pair of Charlotte's worn-out shoes, \$7; one of her calico gowns, \$4; her "wedding-shawl," \$24; and a worn-out corset, \$2.

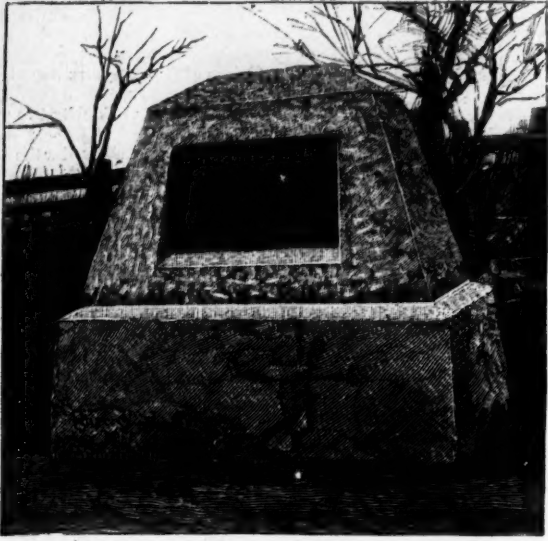
SENATOR INGALLS is an ardent lover of nature. It is not unusual for him to start off on a tramp across the Maryland and Virginia hills alone, and it is his boast that he frequently walks twenty miles on a bright, clear day. Scarcely a foot of territory about Washington has escaped him, and he is undoubtedly one of the best informed members of the national legislature as to the needs of the capital city.

THE engagement of Miss Nina Moulton, an American girl, to a rich Danish nobleman, seems only to be in the ordinary course of diplomatic promotion. Her step-father, M. de Hegeman Lindencrone, formerly Danish Minister to this country, is now accredited to the Italian court, and Miss Moulton's mother, formerly Miss Lily Greenough, of Boston, was gifted with one of the most superb voices ever heard off the operatic stage.

PRINCE JEROME AFOLCON has written a letter to the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies protesting against the expulsion of the Princes. He says that he recognizes that a republic is the logical outcome of universal suffrage. "But," he adds, "the present republic is a mere oligarchy. It exists by the prosecution of adventures, wasting the public money and resulting in national isolation and public poverty." The letter has created a sensation.

SECRETARY LAMAR recently went to call on the wife of Representative Blount and the ladies of her family at their hotel in Washington. He sent up his card, but when they came down to the reception-room he was not there. Late in the evening his card came up again, and he explained to the ladies that he had wandered away, having completely forgotten what he came to the hotel for, and that he had sent in his card. After his apology and a short call the Secretary departed—without his hat.

ACCORDING to accounts telegraphed from Chicago, a quarrel among the principals of the Mapleson Opera Company enlivened a recent performance of "Carmen" with some unusual bits of realism. Ravelli has a scene in which, by striking a high note and holding it, he is sure to win generous applause. Hawk knew this, and, not liking the Frenchman any too well, determined to "break him up." Just as Ravelli reached his successful note, Hawk flew at him, caught him by the throat, and choked him flat and every other note in the scale out of him. The audience thought that *Carmen* was only a little more tempestuous than usual, but Ravelli was furious. In the next act, where he had to thrust *Carmen* from him, he tried to get even by hurling her against the flats. Then he went to bed and staid there two days, while Hawk's husband swore she should never again stand on a stage with Ravelli.



33D MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, BASE OF
CEMETERY HILL.



11TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER
INFANTRY.



9TH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.



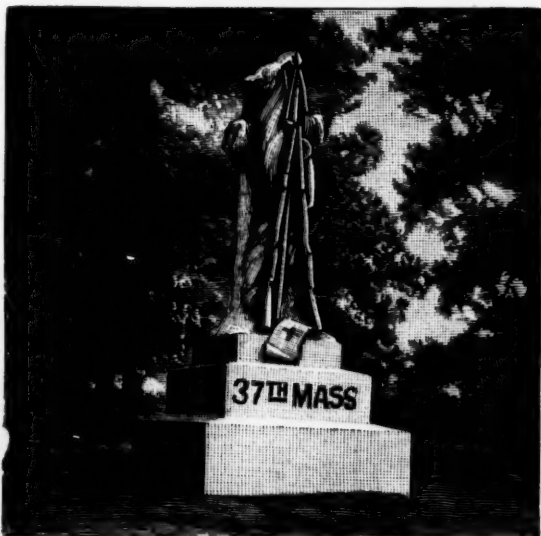
147TH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



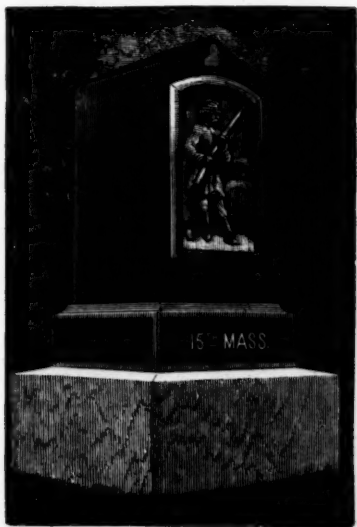
STATUE OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN REYNOLDS, SOLDIERS' NATIONAL CEMETERY.



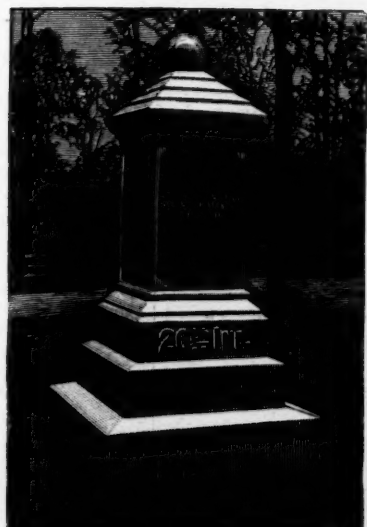
GENERAL HANCOCK, WITH OFFICERS AND FRIENDS, AT
GETTYSBURG.



37TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



15TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY AT "COPSE."



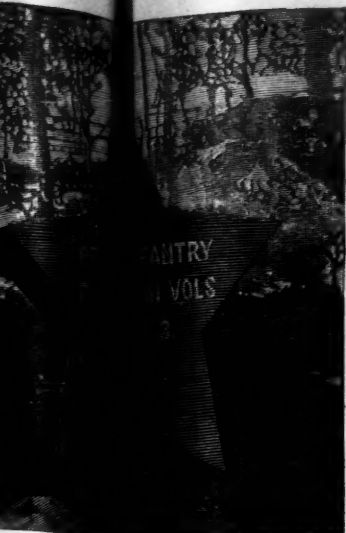
20TH INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,
NEAR WHEAT-FIELD.



2D COMPANY, ANDREW
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE LATE GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK'S LAST VISIT TO GETTYSBURG.

FROM PHOTOS. BY W. H. B.



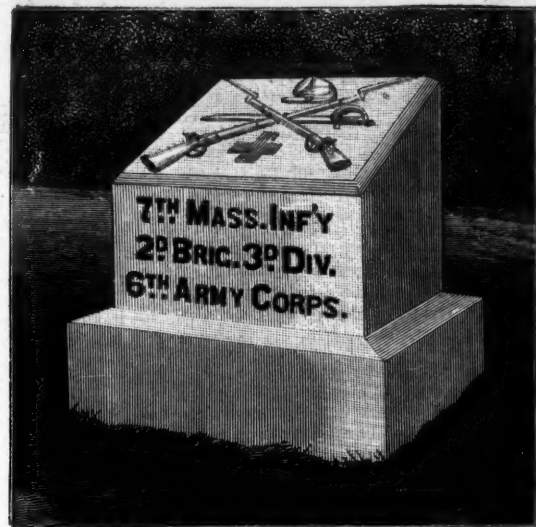
PENNSYLVANIA VETERAN



1ST MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY, THIRD BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION.



MONUMENT OF COLONEL WARD, 15TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.



MEMORIAL TABLET OF 7TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, SIXTH CORPS.



OF TREES, GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 18TH, 1885.



13TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY (COLOR-BEARER) MUMMASBURG ROAD.



18TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



18TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.



3D MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, NEAR ROUND TOP.



10TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

IEWS OF SOME OF THE BATTLE-MONUMENTS ERECTED ON THE HISTORIC FIELD.

PHOTOS. BY W. A. ... -SEE PAGE 43.

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The Mystery of the Mill.

By

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "HAND AND RING," "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—REPARATION.

If hearts are weak, souls should at least be strong.

I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

LET me hasten to the end. When I told Mrs. Pollard that I would suppress that portion of the truth which connected her name with this fatal affair, I did not of course mean that I would resort to any falsehood or even prevarication. I merely relied upon the improbability of my being questioned close enough to necessitate my being obliged to reveal the astounding facts which made this matter a destructive one for the Pollards. And I was right in my calculations. Neither socially, nor at the formal inquiry before the coroner, was any question raised of relationship between the dead girl and the family in B—; and this fact, taken with the discreet explanations accorded by Dwight Pollard of his father's, and afterwards of his own, interest in her, as shown in the letter which he had sent to her address, is the reason why this affair passed without scandal to the parties concerned.

But not without result; for deep down in the heart of one person an influence was at work, destined ere long to eventuate in the tragedy to which these lines are the clue. Remorse deep as my nature and immovable as my sin has gotten hold upon me, and nothing short of death, and death in the very shape from which I fled in such a cowardly manner, will ever satisfy my soul or allay that burning sense of shame and regret which makes me fear the eye of man and quake at the thought of eternal justice.

For, in a final interview with Dwight Pollard, I have become convinced that, however unprincipled his brother might be, it was with no intention of carrying out his threats that he plunged me into the vat on that fatal night; that, recognizing the weakness in me, he had resorted to intimidation to insure his ends; and that all the consequences which followed might have been averted if I had but remained true to my trust.

Being a Christian minister, and bound by my creed and faith to resist the devil and face the wrath of men, my dereliction in this regard acquires an importance not to be measured by the ordinary standard of law or social usage. For, when I failed to support my principles under trial, Christian faith was betrayed and the avowed power of God put to mockery and shame. I go, therefore, to the death I then shunned, deliberately, conscientiously, determinedly. For the sake of God, for the sake of honor, for the sake of those higher principles which it should be the glory of men to sustain at all risk and in every furnace of affliction, I lay down youth, love and life, confident that if in so doing I rob one sweet soul of its happiness, I sow anew in other hearts the seed of that stern belief in God and the requirements of our faith which my cowardly act must have gone so far to destroy.

May God accept the sacrifice in the spirit in which I perform it, and in His gracious mercy make light, not the horrors of the pit into which I am about to descend, but the heart of him who must endure them. Whether long or short, they will be such as He sends me, and the end must be peace.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—TWO OR ONE.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts and rash embold'nd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy,
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

I had finished it; the last line had been read, and I sat in a maze of astonishment and awe. What my thoughts were, what my judgment upon this astounding act of self-destruction for conscience sake, it will not interest you to know. In a matter so complicated with questions of right and wrong, each man must feel for himself, and out of his own nature adjudge praise, or express censure; I, Constance Sterling, shall do neither; I can only wonder and be still.

One point, however, in this lengthy confession I will allude to, as it involves a fact. Mr. Barrows says that he goes to his death, the same death from which he fled when he yielded to the threats of Guy Pollard and gave up the will. He expected, therefore, to find the vat dry, and looked forward to hours, if not days, of long-drawn suffering in a spot devoid of warmth, light, water and food. His injunction to Ada in that last letter of his—not to make any move to find him for ten days—favors this idea, and proves what his expectations were.

But, by the mercy of God, the vat had been half filled with water in the interim which had elapsed between his first and last visit to the mill, and the prison thus becoming a cistern, he must have come to his end in a few moments after his fatal plunge. It was the one relief which a contemplation of this tragedy brought to my overwrought mind.

But with the next day came a reaction; and, with a heart full of rejoicing, I prepared to communicate to Dwight Pollard the fact of his release from the dominion of Zara Colwell. For, whether this record of the past showed him to be a man worthy of full honor or not, it certainly sufficed to exonerate him from all suspicion of being the direct cause of David Barrows's death, and I knew her well enough, or thought I did, to feel certain that no revenge, unless the greatest, would ever satisfy her; and that in losing her hold upon his life and love, she would make no

attempt that would merely darken his name before the world. It was, therefore, with a fearless heart I penned the following lines:

"Miss COLWELL—Your suspicions were unfounded. I have Mr. Barrows's own words to the effect that he meditated death by imprisonment in the vat. I go to acquaint Dwight Pollard with the fact that any accusation on your part must fail before the minute and circumstantial confession which Mr. Barrows has left behind him."

Signing this letter, I dispatched it at once to its destination; then, taking the important manuscript in my hand, I set out for the Pollard mansion.

It was a day full of sunshine and promise. As I sped through the streets and approached that end of the town which hitherto it had taken all my courage to face, I was astonished at the lightness of my own heart and the beneficent aspect which every object about me seemed to have acquired. Even the place I had come to visit looked less dreary than usual, and I found myself in the grounds and half way up the stoop before I realized the least falling of that shadow which seemed inseparable from this particular spot. And even now it only came with the thought of Guy, whose possible presence at the door would be anything but desirable. But my errand being one of peace, I was enabled to contemplate even this contingency with equanimity, and was about to ring the bell with a trembling but determined hand, when the door suddenly opened and Dwight Pollard stood before me.

The look of surprise and delight which he gave me brought the color to my cheeks.

"Ah, what a pleasure!" he murmured. Then, with a quick look in my face, added, earnestly: "You bring good news."

"The best," I answered, cheerily, and, following him in, I took my stand once more in that dismal parlor where, weeks ago, I had received my first intimation of the feeling which his every look and gesture now conveyed.

"Mr. Pollard," I now managed to say, with a certain dignity, "you see me here because Providence has lately put into my hands a document which completely exonerates you from the charges which Zara Colwell has threatened to make against you. Read it, and when you understand the tragedy we so much deplore, we will see how much or how little can be done with the lives it has so deeply affected." And placing the thickly written sheets in his hands, I withdrew to the first window I saw, and mechanically threw aside the curtains that hid it.

The sight that met my gaze made me for an instant forget the importance of what I had just done. The window I had chosen was the one which looked into the conservatory, and the picture which Mr. Barrows describes as having seen from this spot was then and there before my eyes. The tropical growth, the gorgeous blossoms, even the beautiful woman and the sturdy man. Mr. and Mrs. Harrington were lovers, then, still. The mother's death and that of the devoted clergyman had not served to reveal the secret which secured the happiness of this bright, attractive, if somewhat worldly, pair. I own I was glad of this, little as I felt myself in sympathy with the radiant but superficial Lydia. Youth, love and joy are so precious that it lightens the heart to behold their sunshine even on the faces of those whose characters we do not envy.

Nevertheless, the thought suggested by this unexpected scene did not long serve to distract me from the more serious matter in hand. Dropping the curtains, I cast one look towards Mr. Pollard. He was sitting with his face bent over the manuscript; a deep corrugation marked his brow, and a settled look of pain his mouth. I turned away again; I could not bear that look; all my strength was needed for the effort which it might possibly be my duty to make. I sat down in a remote corner and diligently set my soul to patience.

It was well, for my suspense was long, so long that hope and courage began to fail, and an inward trembling to take the place of the joyous emotions with which I had placed this confession in his hands. Nevertheless, it came to an end at last, and, with an agitation easy to conceive, I heard him roll the manuscript up, rise, and approach to where I sat. I did not look up, I could not; but I felt his gaze burning through my half-closed lids, and, terrified lest I should reveal my weakness and my hopes, I set my lips together, and stilled the beatings of my heart, till I must have struck his sense with the chill and immobility of a totally insensible woman. The despair which the sight caused him showed itself in his tone when he spoke.

"You share my own opinion of myself," said he.

"You consider me the destroyer of Mr. Barrows."

I looked up. What grief, what shame, what love, I beheld in the face above me. Slowly I shook my head.

"Mr. Barrows does not accuse you," said I. Then, determined to be truthful to the core at all risks and at all hazards, I added, earnestly, "But you were to blame; greatly to blame; I shall never hide that fact from you or from myself. I should be unworthy of your esteem if I did."

"Yes," he earnestly assented, "and I would be less than a man if I did not agree with you." Then, in a lower tone and with greater earnestness yet, continued: "It is not pleasant for a man to speak ill of his own flesh and blood; but after having read words as condemnatory as these, it may be pardoned me, perhaps, if I speak as much of the truth as is necessary to present myself in a fair light to the woman upon whose good opinion rest all my future happiness. Constance, I love you—"

But at this word I had hurriedly risen.

"Oh! I somewhat incoherently exclaimed; 'not here! not under your own roof!'

But at his look I sank back.

"Yes," he imperatively cried, "here and now.

I cannot wait another day, another hour. My love for you is too great, too absorbing, for any paltry considerations to interpose themselves upon my attention now. I must tell you what you are to me, and ask you, as you are a just and honest woman, to listen while I lay bare to you my life—the life I long to consecrate to your happiness, Constance."

I looked up.

"Thank you," he murmured; but whether in return for my look or the smile which his look involuntarily called up, I cannot say, for he went on instantly in continuation of his former train of thought: "Constance, you have read this confession from Mr. Barrows which you have just placed in my hands?"

"Yes," I nodded, gravely.

"You can, then, understand what a dilemma we were in some three months ago. My sister had attracted the notice of an English aristocrat. He loved her and wished to marry her. We admired him—or rather we admired his position (I would be bitterly true at this hour)—and wished to see the union effected. But there was a secret in our family, which, if known, would make such a marriage impossible. A crime perpetrated before my birth had attached disgrace to our name and race, and Mr. Harrington is a man to fly disgrace quicker than he would death. Miss Sterling, it would be useless for me to try to make myself out better than I am. When I heard that my father, whom I am just beginning to revere, but of whom in those days I had rather a careless opinion, was determined to acknowledge his convict son through the daughter which had been sent over here, I revolted. Not that I begrudged this young girl the money he wished to leave her—though, from a somewhat morbid idea of reparation which my father possessed, he desired to give her an amount that would materially affect our fortunes—but that I loved my sister, and, above all, the proud and isolated position we had obtained in society, and could not endure the results which the revelation of such a stain in our family must produce. Not my mother, whose whole life since her marriage had been one haughty protest against this secret shame, nor Guy, with all his cynicism and pride, felt stronger on this point than I. To my warped judgment any action within the bounds of reason seemed justifiable that would prevent my dying father from bringing this disgrace upon his children; and, being accustomed to defer to my mother's judgments and desires—she was not only a powerful woman, Constance, but possessed of a strange fascination for those she loved and sought to govern—I lent myself sufficiently to her schemes to stand neutral in the struggle between my father's wishes and her determination, though that father would often turn upon me with a gaze of entreaty that went to my heart. That he had taken advantage of his last journey to Boston to have a new will drawn, and that his only desire now was for an opportunity to get this same safely transferred into the hands of his lawyer, I never suspected any more than did my mother or brother. We thought that, as far as the past was concerned, we were secure; and that if we could prevent an interview between him and Mr. Nicholls, the future would likewise be safe from a discovery of our secret. It was, therefore, a terrible shock to my mother, and afterwards to me, when we learned that he had already accomplished the act we so much dreaded, and that the clergyman we had called in at my father's urgent request had been intrusted with the paper that was to proclaim our shame to the world. But the disappointment, great as it was, had little time to exert its force on me, for, with my brother's recital of what had taken place at my father's death-bed, there came a new dread which I find it difficult to name, but which you will understand when I say that it led me to give Mr. Barrows the warning of which he has spoken. My brother—I cannot speak of him with calmness—is a man to be feared, Miss Sterling. Not that I would not be a match for him in all matters of open enmity; but in ways of secrecy and deep dealing, he is master, and all the more to be dreaded that he makes it impossible for one to understand him or measure the depths of turpitude to which he would descend. When, therefore, I heard him say he should have that will back before it could pass into the hands of Mr. Nicholls, I trembled; and as the night passed and morning came without showing any diminution in the set determination of his expression, I decided upon visiting Mr. Barrows, in the hope of influencing him to return the will of his own accord. But I soon saw that in spite of the weakness I detected in him there was small prospect of his doing this; and turning my steps home again, I confronted my mother and my brother and asked them what they meant to do; they told me—that is, they told me partly; and I, with that worse dread in my soul, was fain to be satisfied with the merely base and dishonorable scheme they meditated. To take Mr. Barrows at a disadvantage, to argue with him, threaten him, and perhaps awe him by place and surroundings to surrender to them the object of their desires, did not seem to me so dreadful, when I thought of what they might have done or might yet attempt to do if I stood in their way too much. So, merely stipulating that they would allow me to accompany them to the mill, I let matters take their course, and true to my own secret desire to retain their confidence, and so save him, and if possible them, from any act that would entail consequences of a really serious nature, I gave them my assistance to the extent of receiving Mr. Barrows at the door and conducting him through the mill to the room which my brother had designated to me as the one in which they proposed to hold their conference.

"But the task was uncongenial, and at the first words which Guy chose to employ against Mr. Barrows, I set down my lantern on the floor and escaped to the outer air again. Money, station, fame before the world, seemed to me but light

matters at that moment, and if I had followed my first impulse I should have rushed back to the assistance of Mr. Barrows. But considerations terrible and strange prevented me from following this impulse. In the first place I was not myself free from a desire to see the contents of the will and judge for myself to what extent my father had revealed our disgrace to the world; and secondly, the habit of years is not broken in an instant, and this mother who gave her countenance to an act I so heartily disapproved, had, for all her reserve and a nature seriously differing from my own, ever been the dominator of my actions and the controlling force of my life. I could not brave her, not yet, not while any hope remained of righting matters, without a demonstration that would lead to open hostilities. So, with a weakness I now wonder at, I let the minutes go by till the sound of coming steps warned me that my brother was at hand. What he told me was brief and to the point. He had obtained the clergyman's consent to read the will, and was on his way to get it. 'But Mr. Barrows?' I inquired. 'Is in the cellar there with mother.' 'The cellar?' I repeated. But he was already in the yard, on his way to the town. I was disturbed. The calmness of his tone had not deceived me. I felt that something was wrong; what, I could not tell. Taking the lantern he had left behind him, I made my way to the cellar. It seemed empty. But when I had reached the other end I found myself confronted by a ghostly figure, in which I was forced to recognize my mother, though the sight of her in the masquerade costume she had adopted gave me a shock serious as the interests involved. But this surprise, great as it was, was soon lost in that of finding her alone; and when, to my hurried inquiry as to where Mr. Barrows was, she pointed to the vat, you can imagine the tide of emotions that swept over me. But no, that was impossible. They were not what you would have felt; they were not what I would feel now. Mingled with my shame and the indignant protest of my manhood against so unworthy an exercise of power, was that still dominating instinct of dread which any interference with my mother's plans or wishes had always inspired; and so, when I learned that the worst was over, and that Mr. Barrows would be released on Guy's return, I subdued my natural desire to rescue him and went away, little realizing that in thus allying myself with his persecutors I had laid the foundations of a remorse that would embitter my whole after existence. The return of my brother with the will caused me fresh emotions. As soon as I saw him I knew there was a struggle before me; and in handing him back the lantern I took occasion to ask if he had opened the document. He looked at me a moment before replying, and his lip took a sinister curl. 'I have,' he said, 'and what does it contain?' 'What we wish,' he answered, with a strange emphasis. I was too much astonished to speak. I could not believe this to be true, and when, Mr. Barrows having been released, we had all returned home, I asked to see the will and judge for myself. But Guy refused to show it. 'We are going to return it,' he said, and said no more. Nor would my mother give me any further information. Either I had betrayed myself in the look I gave Guy on his return to the mill, or else some underlying regard for my feelings had constrained her to spare me actual participation in a fraud. At all events, I did not know the truth till the real will had been destroyed and the substituted one placed in Mr. Nicholls's hands, and then it was told to me in a way to confound my sense of right and make me think it would be better to let matters proceed to this false issue, than by a public acknowledgment of the facts bring down upon me and mine the very disgrace from which I had been so desirous of escaping. I was caught in the toils, you see, and, though it would have been a man's part to have broken through every constraint and proclaimed myself once and for all on the side of right, I had nothing whereby to show what the last wishes of my father had been, and could only say what would ruin us without benefiting the direct object of those wishes. I therefore kept their counsel and my own; stilling my conscience when it spoke too loud, by an inward promise to be not only a friend to my older brother's child, but to part with the bulk of my fortune to her. That she would need my friendship I felt, as the letter I wrote to her shows, but that such evil would come upon her as did, or that my delay to see her would make it impossible for me ever to behold her in this world, I had yet too much filial regard to imagine. I was consequently overwhelmed by the news of her death, and though I never knew the whole truth till now, I was conscious of a distress so great that from that day to the worse ones which followed, I never looked at those nearest to me without a feeling of deep separation, such as is only made by some dark and secret crime. I was alone, or so I felt, and was gradually becoming morbid from a continual brooding on this subject, when the great blow fell which changed whatever vague distress I felt into an active remorse and positive fear. Mr. Barrows was found dead, drowned in the very vat into which my brother had forced him a month or so before. What did it mean? It was impossible for me to guess the truth, but I could not but recognize the fact that we were more or less responsible for his death; that the frenzy which had doubtless led to this tragedy was the outcome of the strain which had been put upon his nerves, and though personally I had had nothing to do with placing him in the vat, I was certainly responsible for allowing him to remain there a moment after I knew where he was. It was, therefore, with the deepest horror and confusion that I rushed home with this news, only to find that it had outstripped me, and that my mother, foreseeing the dangers which this death might bring upon us, had succumbed to the shock, and lay, as you know, in a most alarming condition herself.

The perilous position into which we were thrown by these two fatal occurrences necessitated a certain confidence between my brother and myself. To watch our mother, and stifle any unguarded expression into which she might be betrayed, to watch you, and when we saw it was too late to prevent your sharing our secret, to make our hold upon you such that you would feel it to your own advantage to keep it with us, was perhaps only pardonable in persons situated as we were. But, Constance, while with Guy the feeling that made this last task easy was one of selfish passion only, mine from the first possessed a depth and fervency which made the very thought of wooing you seem a desecration and a wrong. For already had your fine qualities produced their effect, and in the light of your high and lofty nature, my own past looked deformed and dark. And when the worst came, and Zara Colwell's threats put a seemingly immovable barrier between us, this love which had sprung up in a very nightmare of trouble, only seemed to take deeper and more lasting root, and I vowed that whether doomed to lifelong regret or not, I would live worthy of you, and be in misery what I could so easily be in joy, the man you could honor, if not love. That this hour would ever come I dared not dream, but now that it has, can you, will you, give me so much as you have, and not give me more? I know I have no right to ask anything from you; that the secrets of our family are a burden which any woman might well shrink from sharing, but if you do not turn from me, will you turn from them? Love is such a help to the burdened, and I love you so fondly, so reverently."

He was on his knees; his forehead was pressed against my arm. The emotion which shook his whole body communicated itself to me. I felt that whatever his past weaknesses had been, he possessed a character capable of the noblest development, and, yielding to the longing with which my whole being was animated, I was about to lay my hand on his head, when he lifted his face, and, gazing earnestly at me, said:

"One moment; there is yet a cloud which ought to be blown away from between us—Zara Colwell. I loved her; I sought her love; but once gained, my eyes opened. I saw her imperfections; I felt the evil in her nature. I knew if I married her I should ruin my life. I left her. I seemed to have no choice, for my love died with my esteem, and she was not a woman to marry without love. Could I have done differently, Constance?"

I answered as my whole heart inclined me to. I could not refuse this love coming into my desolate life. It seemed to be mine. Whatever trials, fear or disquietude it might bring, the joy of it was great enough to make these very trials desirable, if only to prove to him and me that the links which bound us were forged from truest metal, without any base alloy to mar their purity and undermine their strength.

And so that spot of gloom, which had been the scene of so much that was dark and direful, became the witness of a happiness which seemed to lift it out of the veil of reserve in which it had been shrouded for so long, and make of the afternoon sun, which at that moment streamed in through the western windows, a signal of peace, whose brightness as yet has never suffered change or eclipse.

THE END.

MONUMENTS AT GETTYSBURG.

WE give elsewhere illustrations of some of the monuments erected by military bodies on the battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa., with a view of commemorating the part which these organizations had in that pivotal struggle of the Civil War, and at the same time marking the points in the field which have a special historic interest. These monuments, differing greatly in design, are all unique, attractive and worthy of those by whose contributions they have been erected. Many others are yet to be placed on the battlefield, and a few years hence the visitor will be able, by the help of these memorials, to locate the exact position of every corps, brigade and regiment in the fighting which for three days swept over the field.

In connection with the pictures of the monuments, we give an illustration, from a photo, of General Hancock's last visit, with some officers and friends, to the Gettysburg battlefield. In this visit General Hancock was accompanied by Master Percy Musgrave, a bright lad for whom he had a great affection, and whom he took with him in order, as he said, that he might get a personal knowledge of the ground. While pointing out the salient features of the field, he remarked to the gentlemen about him: "We are here in the morning and gone at night. This young lad will remember what I have said about this battle when we have all passed away." The circumstances and incidents of this visit, made November 18th, 1885, have now a peculiar, if not a historic, interest, not only to those who accompanied the distinguished soldier, but to all his countrymen who admired him living, and reverence his memory now that he is dead. The persons appearing in the picture, reading from the left, are as follows: Colonel Batchelder, General F. A. Walker, Colonel H. E. Goodman, Colonel W. P. Wilson, General Hancock, Master Percy Musgrave, Major Miller, Major Lambert, Captain Weeks, T. B. Musgrave, Colonel Barnard, Colonel John P. Nicholson (commander of the Loyal Legion), Captain W. K. Lineweaver, Captain G. V. Weir (Fifth Artillery), Lieutenant Paul Romero (Fifth Artillery), Captain West, and Colonel Coffin.

THE MEMORIAL BUILDING, TOLEDO, O.

WE give on page 44 an illustration of the dedication, on the 22d ult., of the Memorial Building at Toledo, O., which is designed to commemorate the services of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the war for the defense of the Union. The building was erected by the joint contributions of citizens and of the City Government, at a total cost of \$60,000, and is in every way worthy of its projectors and builders. In the northeast corner of the building are two large marble tablets, one bearing the inscription: "Erected by the Toledo Soldiers' Memorial As-

sociation. This corner-stone laid July 4, 1883." The other tablet reads:

IN HONOR
OF THE
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
OF LUCAS COUNTY
WHO SERVED IN THE WAR
OF THE REBELLION.

The first floor of the building is occupied by Memorial Hall proper and the Fourth Ohio Battery, with the headquarters of Companies A, C and H, of the Sixteenth Regiment, adjoining. The armory of the Fourth Ohio is beautifully decorated. About the guns, which are arranged in rows through the room, are flags and small arms with bayonets attached, stacked as in camp. Around the wall are tablets draped with flags, illustrating some of the most striking events of the war. The following are a few: Appomattox—Grant. Atlanta—Sherman. Perryville—Buell. Stone River—Fuller. Tullahoma—Steedman. New Hope Church—Kilpatrick. Shiloh—Slocum. Savannah—O. O. Howard. Mission Ridge—Kountz, and many others. Memorial Hall is also handsomely decorated with mottoes and flags, the most conspicuous being a large marble tablet, bearing the following inscription:

TOLEDO ASSOCIATION
EX-UNION
PRISONERS OF WAR.

| | |
|-----------------|------------|
| Andersonville, | Libby, |
| Belle Isle, | Salisbury, |
| Blackstone, | Millen, |
| Florence, | Columbia, |
| Castle Thunder, | Macon. |

The second floor is occupied by the Drill Hall and numerous smaller rooms not yet occupied, with the exception of one, which is the temporary headquarters of the Cadets. The dedication services on the 22d ult. were held in this Hall, which was finely decorated for the occasion.

LIFE-SAVING STATION AT MILWAUKEE.

THE life-saving station at Milwaukee, Wis., of which we give an illustration, is located on Jones Island, on the south side of the harbor. The structure is of frame, of picturesque appearance, and conveniently arranged. A lookout is constantly maintained on the roof of the building, the crew being divided into details for this special service.

THE MANUAL TRAINING-SCHOOL OF ST. LOUIS.

THE Manual Training-school of Washington University, St. Louis, is an institution which has won success and fame in a peculiar line of instruction, embodying in a practical form certain ideas which educators in Boston and other cities, East and West, have since taken up. The object sought and attained is a boys' school, where the working hours shall be divided equally between mental and manual exercises. Thus, in the St. Louis School, instruction in mathematics, drawing and the ordinary English branches, together with the Latin and French languages, is combined with shop-practice in carpentry, wood-turning, pattern-making, iron clipping and filing, forge-work, brazing and soldering, the use of machine-shop tools, etc. The school does not teach trades, nor is it assumed that every lad entering it is to be a mechanic. The work is disciplinary, tending to develop a taste for the manual arts where it may exist, and in any event to the moral and intellectual benefit of the pupil by experience in contact with things as well as books.

The school is now near the close of its sixth year. It is under the direction of O. M. Woodward, Ph.D., a graduate of Harvard University, and a teacher of high repute. Dr. Woodward is assisted by a staff of eleven teachers and instructors. There are accommodations for 244 boys, and the attendance very nearly reaches that number. There are a few free scholarships for St. Louis boys, but the tuition fee is \$60 for the first year, \$80 for the second, and \$100 for the third. Candidates for admission must be not under fourteen years of age, and prepared to pass a moderate examination in arithmetic, geography, spelling, penmanship and English grammar. Boys are not allowed to choose their shops, but take the work in the prescribed order. Thus, the junior class has wood-work; the middle class, forging; and the senior class, work in the machine-shop. There are three ordinary lessons a day to be learned, studied chiefly at home; one hour's practice in mechanical drawing, and two hours' shop work. Graduates of this school are well fitted to learn the specialties of a particular trade, to enter a polytechnic school, to study for a profession, or to go into business.

Our pictures illustrate the chief mechanical departments of the Manual Training-school, which occupies the three floors of a commodious and well-equipped building fronting on Washington Avenue. There are two wood-working shops, each having uniform accommodations for a class of twenty-four pupils, including a drawer of tools for each. Thus, the school has 48 speed-lathes, 48 benches, vises and common tools, with 144 individual sets of edge-tools and drawers. The pupils are taught to use these tools, and to keep them in order. The entire first floor of the building is devoted to metal-work, and comprises the machine and blacksmith shops. The latter has its complete equipment of 22 forges, anvils, tubs, and sets of hand-tools, with 11 sets of heavy tools for pairs working, as smith and helpers. The blast is supplied by a power blower; and in connection with one of the larger forges is a hand bellows. Here the pupils learn to "strike while the iron is hot," and the course of instruction extends to molding, brazing and soldering. Ten weeks are devoted to these latter branches, while the forging occupies thirty. The machine-shop is equipped with 12 engine-lathes; also four speed-lathes, a post drill, a planer, 21-inch by 21-inch by 5 feet, a small hand planer, a 25-inch goose-neck drill, a shaper of 15 inches stroke, two grindstones and a double emery-grinder. Ten vises and benches, with forty drawers, afford opportunity for bench work. The shop is furnished for a class of twenty students at once. The Corliss engine occupies a part of this shop. It has a 14-inch cylinder and 42-inch stroke, and runs at the rate of 60 revolutions per minute. The shop-training is gained by regular, carefully graded lessons, designed to cover as much ground as possible, and to teach thoroughly the uses of ordinary tools, without implying the attainment of sufficient skill to produce either the fine work or exhibit the rapidity of the skilled mechanic.

A PUTTY of starch and chloride of zinc hardens quickly, and lasts as a stopper of holes in metals for months.

FROZEN CATTLE IN THE WEST.

THE Kansas City Times says: "The extent of the damage to Western ranches, occasioned by the recent snows, has never been thoroughly comprehended, for the reason that ranchmen have been unwilling to have their losses known. It has been claimed that few cattle have died, whereas, if recent reports are to be credited, the herds in many localities have been decimated. 'It is the most fatal storm ever known in the West,' said Mr. George D. Ford, a prominent cattleman, who has just returned from a trip into the Panhandle. 'I never saw anything like it. Along the drift fence north of the Canadian River, the dead cattle are strewn by thousands. An actual count in places shows 150 dead animals to the mile. If this rate is kept up the entire length of the fence, which is 200 miles, there are 30,000 dead cattle in this one place. They include Colorado, Kansas, and No Man's Land through-cattle that have drifted down to the fence. Along the Arkansas River, west of Dodge City, the situation is as bad. The through-cattle have drifted down from the Union Pacific, and have been frozen by thousands. The irrigating ditch north of the Arkansas River is full of carcasses.'

"How widespread is the damage?"
"It is co-extensive with the snow. In Wyoming, New Mexico and Texas the cattle are in good shape, but in Kansas, the western part of the Indian Territory, and in Colorado, north of the Arkansas River, the losses on through-cattle have been frightful. They will not fall short of 50 per cent., and on some ranches southwest of Dodge City, the losses of the natives will aggregate 25 per cent. Entire herds of through-cattle have been wiped out. A herd drifted down to Palodora Creek in the Panhandle and took shelter under a bluff, around which runs a road. They died there, and the carcasses had to be dragged away before the stage could pass. Around Dodge City cattle in sheds were frozen to death. Many of the smaller owners will be bankrupt when Spring opens, and I know of some firms that were millionaires a few years ago that haven't any money to spare now."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Catholic Bishop of Ottawa has issued a mandament against secret labor organizations, especially the Knights of Labor.

A MOVEMENT has been started in Philadelphia to secure the erection of a monument to General McClellan in Fairmount Park in that city.

A MAMMOTH silver meeting was held in London last week, at which prominent representatives of trade and commerce were in attendance in large numbers. The character and tone of the speeches and the enthusiasm of the listeners indicated an increased and overwhelming feeling in favor of bi-metalism in England.

ONE of the strongest indications of the rapid and complete healing of the differences between Prince Bismarck and the Vatican is noticeable in the fact that the Hotel Costanzi, in Rome, has been purchased, at a cost of 1,500,000 francs to German buyers, for the purpose of establishing therein a German college in Rome.

THERE is a small tree growing in a gulch near Tuscarora, Nevada, the foliage of which at certain seasons is said to be so luminous that it can be distinguished a mile away in the darkest night. In this immediate season it emits sufficient light to enable a person to read the finest print. Its luminosity is said to be due to parasites.

UNITED STATES MINISTER McLANE, whose receptions have been among the most popular and enjoyable of the diplomatic entertainments given in Paris during this season, held a special reception in honor of Washington's Birthday. The affair was a particularly brilliant one, and the congratulatory and exchange of civilities between the American Minister and the foreign representatives in Paris were conspicuously proper and cordial. At least seven hundred guests paid their respects to Mr. McLane, among them all the foreign diplomats and many well-known Americans.

THE Order of Christ, which the Pope conferred upon Prince Bismarck, was originally a knightly Order of Portugal, derived from the Order of Knights Templars, which King Dionysius of Portugal (1312) did not wish to be dissolved in his country. When Pope John XXII sanctioned the King's decree (1317), on the condition that the Knights should conform to the Order of St. Benedict and the doctrines of the Cistercians, he reserved to himself the right of extending the Order. As a Portuguese Order it has three classes at present; as a Papal one it has only one class, and is officially classed as the highest Catholic Order of Merit. It consists of a long red cross, having a white cross in the centre, and is worn round the neck on a red ribbon.

THE Philadelphia Press puts it in this way: "The enactment of the Morrison Bill would remove the protection entirely from six industries, employing in the aggregate about 400,000 hands. As none of these industries, coal, lumber, iron, copper, lead and zinc mining, and the manufacture of salt, employ women, it is safe to assume that each man actually employed represents from four to five persons dependent upon him. The protection will thus be removed from industries upon which an aggregate of from 1,600,000 to 2,000,000 persons depend for support—and for what? To turn over these industries to foreigners, and, in a short time, increase the cost of the produce to the consumer as the home industries are pushed to the wall."

A NEWPORT correspondent writes: "Within four months death has removed a name from every Democratic Presidential ticket since 1864—McClellan of 1864, Seymour of 1868, Brown of 1872, Hendricks of 1876 and 1884, and Hancock of 1880. There are but three left, and the old man of Greystone, who was set aside five years ago on account of his years and failing health, has lived to write his telegrams of condolence for all of these, and is to-day, perhaps, in better health than he has been for years. The Republican candidates have shown more vitality. General Fremont still mingles in society and attends to a little business. Hannibal Hamlin is older than Mr. Tilden, but a great deal stronger. Mr. Hayes continues to take interest in the farm and the henyard, and makes better speeches than he did while he was President. Wheeler, who was on the same ticket, is living quietly at Malone; and ex-President Arthur is often seen about town. As for Blaine and Logan, nobody is liable to look upon them as dead for some years to come."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A FIRE in Wilmington, N. C., on the 21st ult., destroyed property valued at \$1,000,000.

OVER thirty thousand persons have applied to the Mansion House in London for relief.

THE Lower House of the Ohio Legislature has passed a modified Scott Law, imposing a tax of \$200 and \$100 on liquor saloons.

THE Vicar-general of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Chicago cordially indorses the Knights of Labor and all labor organizations.

THE Bill appropriating \$250,000 for the erection of a monument in Washington to the memory of General Grant has passed the Senate.

TEN thousand Western cowboys, according to a statement made by John H. Sullivan, one of their number, are seeking enrollment with the Knights of Labor.

SEVERAL thousand Scotchwomen have been thrown out of employment by the collapse of skirt and ruchings industry, due to the American increase of duty on goods of that class.

THE Turkish Government has been officially assured by the British Ambassador that the Gladstone Government will endeavor to maintain the peace and integrity of the Turkish Empire.

THE Eads Ship Railway Bill has been reported to the House, but without the support of a majority of the committee. Some who expect to vote against it were willing to allow it to go before the House for discussion.

COLONEL SIR EDMUND HENDERSON, the head of the London Metropolitan Police Force, who has been severely censured for the inefficiency of the police during the recent riots in London, has resigned. The position has been offered to M. Howard Vincent.

FORTY-two Chinamen were last week driven out of Oregon City, thirteen miles south of Portland, Oregon, all the money on their persons being first stolen by their assailants. An effort is to be made to secure the punishment of the ruffians who perpetrated the outrage.

THE President made two appointments in southern Ohio last week which are a straight blow at the ring which has become so notorious in and about Cincinnati. It looks as if he has made up his mind to do what he can to assist the non-partisan Citizens' Committee of One Hundred to demolish this ring.

QUITE a number of speeches are being prepared on the report of Mr. Edmunds concerning the right of the Senate to call for papers. Some of these will cover considerable ground. The indications now are that the debate will be of a character to attract as much attention as any political debate of recent years.

THE bill of expenses of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's diplomatic mission to Turkey and Egypt, including telegraphing, is \$120,000. Trouble is anticipated in the House of Commons, where it is not believed that the account will be audited without an accompanying statement showing the benefit the country has derived from Sir Henry's pilgrimage.

THE Post-office Appropriation Bill, reported to the House last week, appropriates \$54,326,588, an increase of \$625,598 over the appropriation for the present fiscal year, and a decrease of \$659,579 as compared with the department estimates. The estimated revenue for the next fiscal year is \$47,142,252, and the estimated deficiency (indefinite) is \$7,443,914.

WHILE the Mormon leaders in Utah who are convicted of polygamy are being fined and sent to prison, Mormon proselytes who are operating in Tennessee receive another and more summary sort of treatment. In Hawkins County, in that State, the other day, two Mormon elders were taken from a church where they had been preaching, by a crowd of masked men, tied to trees, stripped to the waist, and almost beaten to death.

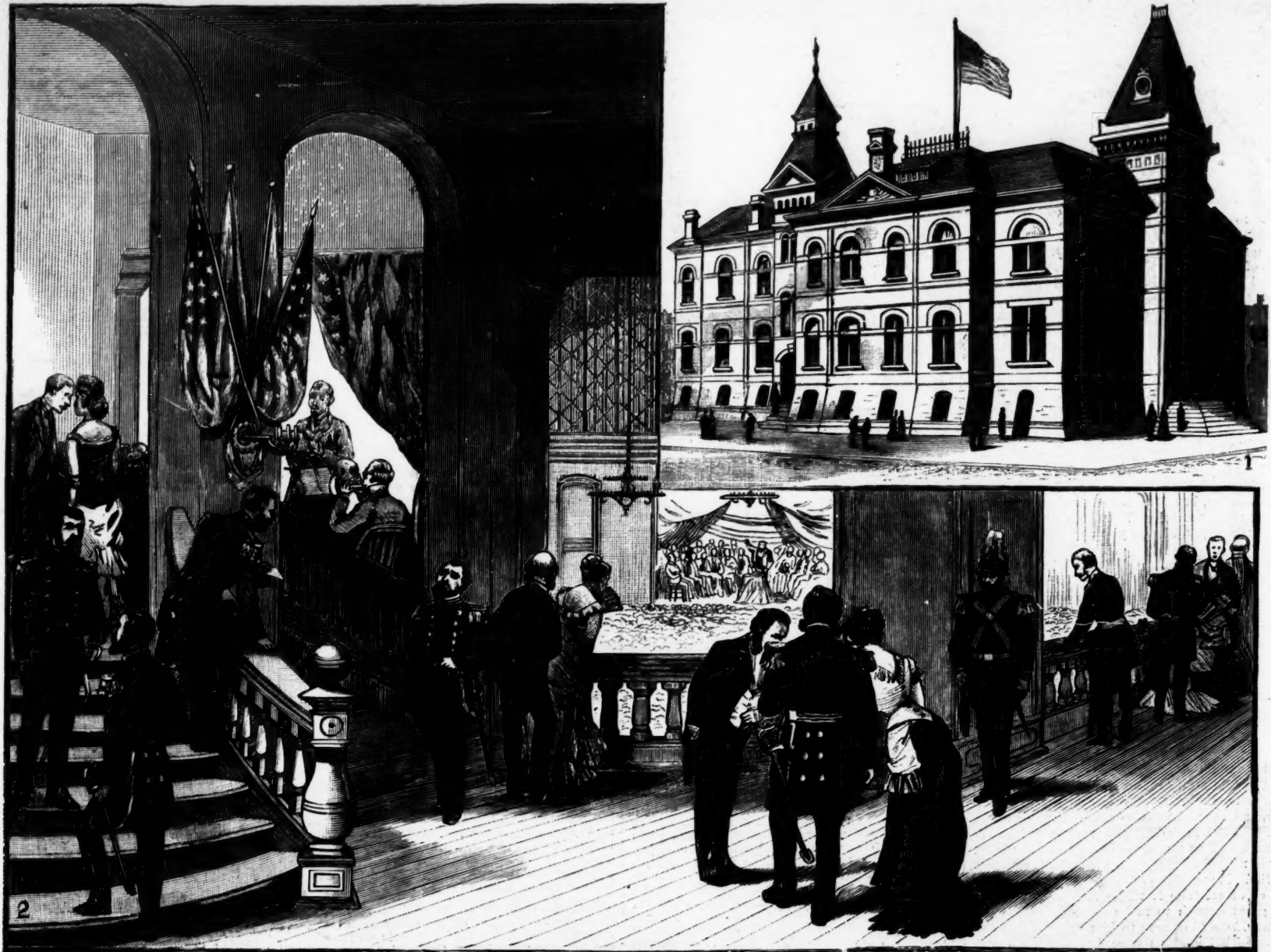
ALL additional reports about the killing, by the Mexicans, of Captain Crawford while pursuing the Apache hostiles, emphasize the necessity of a prompt and thorough investigation of the affair. The latest news is that the attack of the Mexicans is believed to have been a preconcerted affair, and that their intention was to kill every man in Crawford's party. Only the superior marksmanship of Crawford's men, it is said, saved them from annihilation.

THE statement made in a recent number of this paper that the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, was the original purchaser of the Washington Headquarters property at Valley Forge, Pa., was incorrect. The purchase was made by a number of patriotic ladies who organized themselves into a society known as the Centennial and Memorial Association of Valley Forge, the sum paid was \$6,000, of which \$3,000 was secured by mortgage. It is this latter sum which the Patriotic Sons have now undertaken to raise.

A BILL to annex the northern or "pan-handle" portion of Idaho to Washington Territory will be passed by Congress at its present session. There are about 13,000 inhabitants in that part of Idaho, and they are isolated from the southern portion by a rugged mountain range over which the only road is an Indian trail impassable for six months of the year. The Territorial Legislature unanimously petitioned for the transfer of this part to Washington Territory. When this is done it will give Washington additional claims to be admitted as a State.

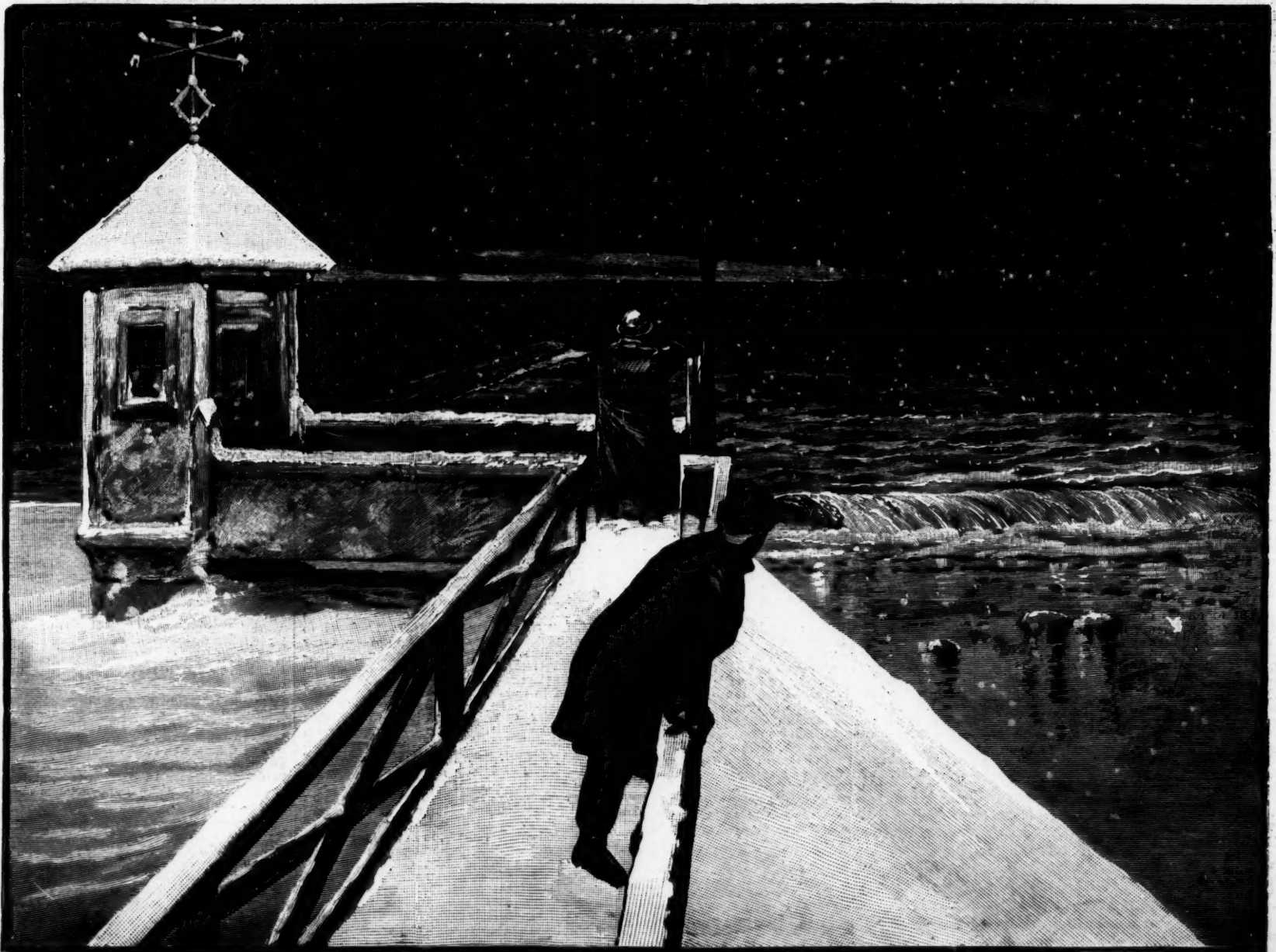
THE articles of agreement have been signed for a match, next May, between Mr. W. G. George, ex-champion long-distance runner of England, and Mr. L. E. Myers, of New York, champion middle-distance runner of the world. There are to be three races—First, one of the distance of 1,000 yards; second, one of the distance of three-quarters of a mile, and in the event of each winning one of these races, a third, of the distance of 1,160 yards—for a stake of \$1,000 a side, and a trophy emblematic of the middle-distance championship of the world.

PRESIDENT ELLIOT, at the recent Harvard dinner, made some sensible remarks on the subject of college rivalries. "Whatever of fun there may be in the rivalries between our colleges," he said, "real antagonism between them should be avoided. The total number of men resorting to the colleges of the country has not kept pace with the progress of the population. This is not true of Harvard; but of the great mass of the colleges together it is true, and I think that the antagonism between colleges, working on the public mind, is responsible for this. As to numbers, I wish to say in behalf of Harvard that we are distinctly repudiate numbers as a test of success when applied to colleges."

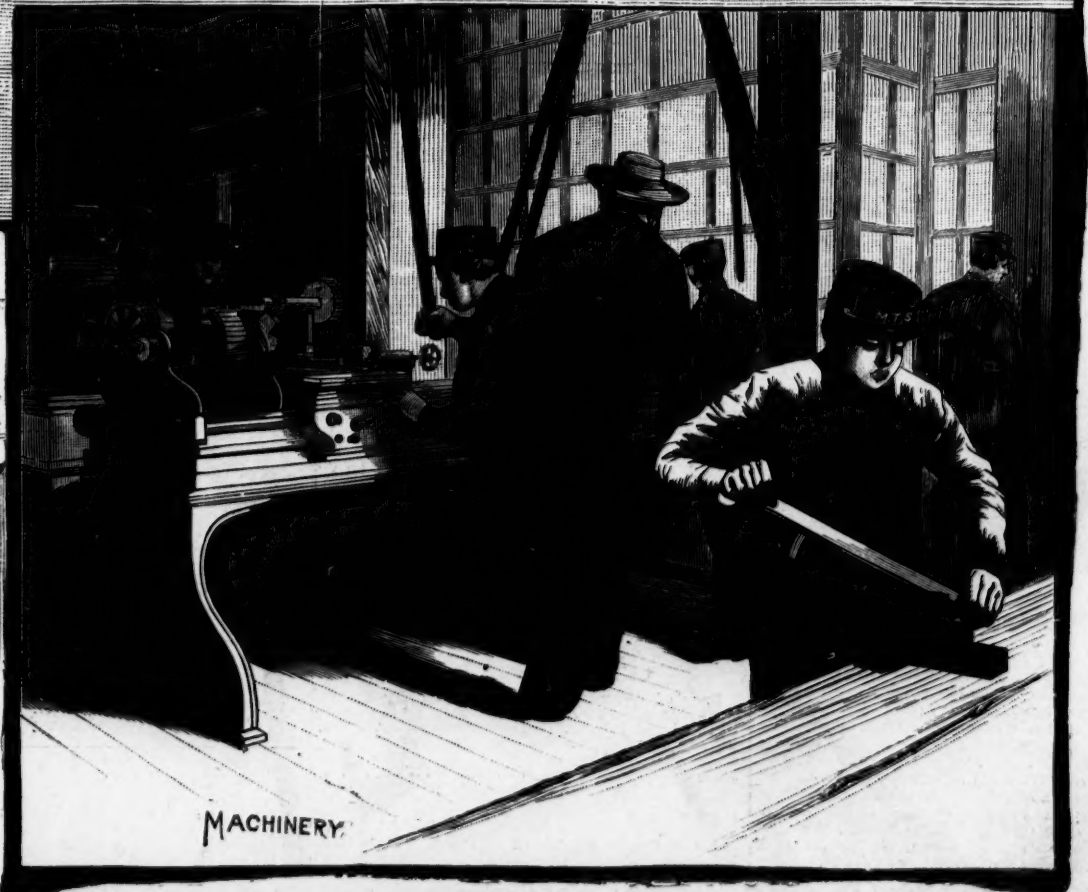
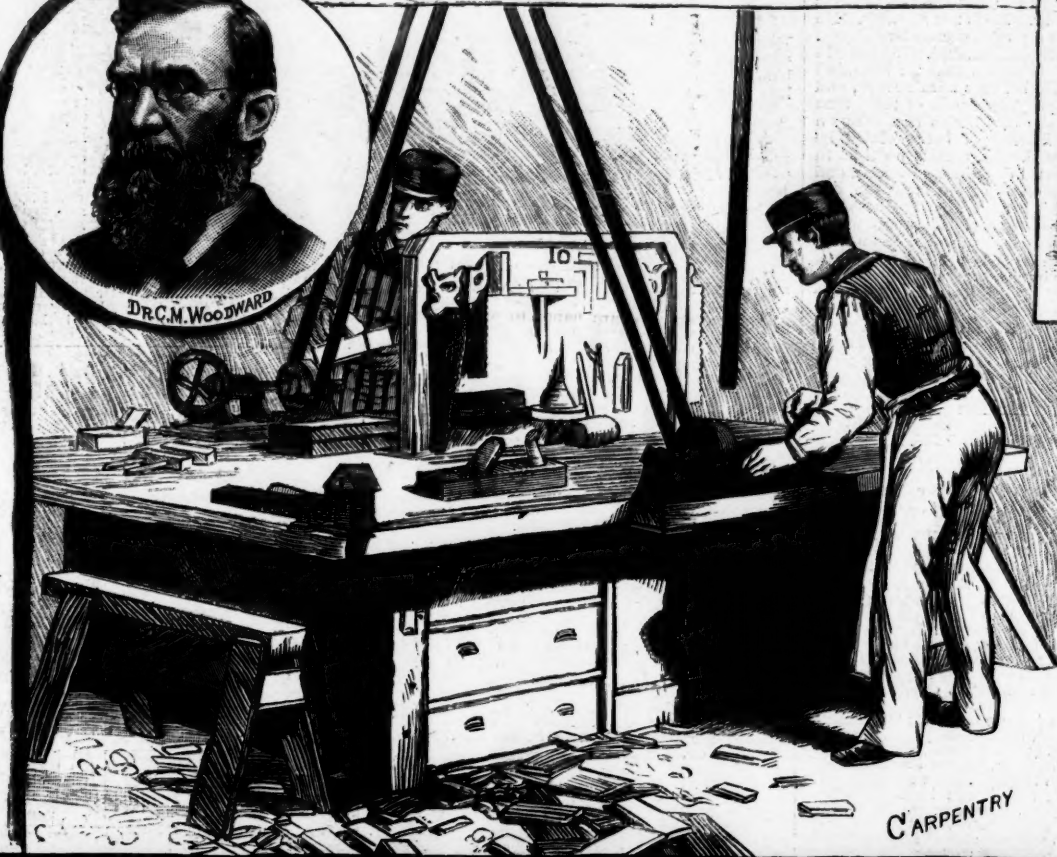


1. View of the Building from Adams Street. 2. Interior View from the Balcony.

OHIO.—DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL HALL BUILDING AT TOLEDO, FEBRUARY 22D.
FROM SKETCHES BY J. K. FRENCH.—SEE PAGE 43.



WISCONSIN.—THE LIFE-SAVING STATION AT MILWAUKEE—THE LOOKOUT ON THE ROOF.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 43.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Bill to provide allotments of land in severalty to the Indians has passed the Senate.

For the seven months ending January 31st last, 147,927 immigrants arrived at American ports, against 167,942 for the corresponding period last year.

Two tug-boats, with a barge in tow, forced their way through the ice from New York to Newburg on Thursday of last week. This is the earliest opening of navigation on the Hudson in many years.

The few men who were still at work in the Pennsylvania coke regions were last week driven off by a mob of strikers. The latter now demand an advance in prices recently offered by the employers.

The resolution authorizing an investigation of the Pan-electric Telephone scandal, adopted by the House of Representatives, empowers the special committee to send for persons and papers, and examine the subject in all its bearings.

The question of making some reparation to the Chinese residents of Rock Springs, Wyoming, for the losses sustained by them in the riots there last Fall, is to be brought to the attention of Congress by the President, with a recommendation that all just claims be paid.

At the meeting, last week, between General Crook and the Apache chief Geronimo, the latter asked permission to return peacefully to the reservation. General Crook refused the request, demanding his unconditional surrender. Geronimo refused to give himself up, and, after a consultation, left for his camp, keeping the white flag flying for ten miles or more. Chief Nana and others are still held as hostages.

The Electoral Count Bill has been reported to the Senate, with amendments requiring the transmission to the Secretary of State, immediately after the appointment of Electors, of a certificate setting forth the names of the Electors and the canvass of the number of votes given or cast for each. By this means Congress will be enabled to take cognizance at once of the result of the election; whereas now it has no cognizance of the matter until the day arrives for opening and counting the votes.

FOREIGN.

The Queen's Proctor has decided to intervene in the Dilke case.

A FAVORITE Spanish bull-fighter is running for the Cortes in two districts, and defeating his patrician opponents by promising unlimited bull-fights to the people.

The canal between the German Ocean and the Baltic, which has been so long under discussion in the German Reichstag, has been made a certainty by the third reading of the Bill in that body.

It is said that the report of the delegates appointed by the French Government to inspect the work on the Panama Canal, and to report as to the feasibility of its construction, will be so adverse, that the Government has already decided to refuse to authorize the issue of lottery obligations in connection with the canal construction.

COMMITTEES are forming in Germany to co-operate with similar committees which have been formed in England, France and Italy, for the purpose of suppressing gambling in Monaco. The solution suggested some time ago, that France should purchase the Principality, it is stated has now met the approval of Prince Charles, provided he be paid a sum equivalent to the net income for forty years which he now derives from the gaming tables and a large proportion of the land.

PRODUCTION OF PIG-IRON IN THE SOUTH.

The Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore says: "The production of pig-iron in the South in 1880, 1884 and 1885 was as follows:

| States. | 1880. | 1884. | 1885. |
|---------------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Tons. | Tons. | Tons. | Tons. |
| Maryland..... | 61,487 | 27,342 | 17,299 |
| Virginia..... | 29,934 | 157,483 | 163,782 |
| West Virginia..... | 70,338 | 55,231 | 69,007 |
| Georgia..... | 27,321 | 48,655 | 32,924 |
| Alabama..... | 77,190 | 189,664 | 227,438 |
| Tennessee..... | 70,873 | 124,597 | 161,199 |
| Kentucky..... | 57,708 | 45,052 | 37,553 |
| Texas..... | 2,500 | 5,140 | 1,843 |
| North Carolina..... | | 435 | 1,790 |
| Total..... | 397,301 | 657,599 | 712,895 |

These figures show an increase in 1885 over 1884 of 55,236 tons, and over 1880 of 315,534 tons.

AN OLD AND MUCH-USED BIBLE.

The United States Supreme Court has a Bible which has been in constant use since 1808. It was printed at Oxford in 1799. On the fly-leaf is written: "United States Supreme Court, 1808." And every Justice of the Court and every attorney who has been admitted to practice before the Bar since that date has been sworn upon that Bible. It is a small volume, and the binding shows the marks of frequent usage, particularly where the fingers clutch it in administering and taking an oath.

SAM JONES.

SAM JONES, the successful evangelist, closed, recently, a most remarkable series of revival meetings in Cincinnati. At the last of his meetings 6,000 people were packed in the house. The street in front of the hall was packed with people vainly trying to enter, and the streets for three squares were a solid mass of people. The Cincinnati Gazette, referring to the evangelist's Cincinnati campaign, says: "Where lies the power that enables this man to preach twice a day every day in the week and draw to every one of his meetings crowds too large for even Music Hall, and to hold them from the beginning to the end of his discourses? Furthermore, people not only listen to Jones, but they read his sermons. We found the most eminent statesmen in Washington reading his sermons from day to day and talking about them. They are discussed in parlors, at the dinner-table, and even in barrooms. We have printed one of Mr. Jones's sermons every day since he has been in Cincinnati, and we know that his productions are not only read, but they are sought for. People never tire of reading them. He does not repeat himself, and this is extraordinary. He can preach a new sermon from the same text several

times. And he does not wear out, nor does he ever weary an audience. Last Sunday afternoon he preached in Music Hall to men only. There were 7,000 present, and the audience would have been larger if the house had been larger. He spoke an hour and a half, and yet not one person left the house until he took his seat. To most critical people Sam Jones is a puzzle; but the fact remains that he is a great power. He is not a ranting. He is not a humbug. He does not preach Sam Jones. He keeps himself in the background. He places in the forefront the great truths that fill his mind and control his life. He believes what he says, and is full of his subject. The heads of most men would be turned by the multitudes that hang on his utterances; but instead of being elated, he seems to be humiliated. He spends no time in technicalities or disputed doctrinal questions, and evidently the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments are his model. That he does good no one can successfully dispute. If people would do as Sam Jones advises, there would be no need for criminal courts, and society would be elevated, and there would be happiness and contentment in all grades of life. Of technical theology he probably knows little, but of the troubles that afflict mankind he knows much, and these he knows largely from experience, and when he comes to talk about these, he calls things by their right names. He talks to the people in the language they understand."

[From the New York World, Feb. 21st.]

TWO MILLIONS IN ONE MONTH.

THE UNITED LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION TO THE FRONT.

THE REMARKABLE BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS BY A YOUNG INSURANCE COMPANY.

DURING recent years a wonderful and well-defined change has taken place in life insurance. Every line of business at one time or another puts away old methods in its march towards progress, but perhaps there is no single branch which has been affected to the extent so clearly noticeable in the methods of insuring men's lives. That the times are ripe for the change is plainly apparent in the way in which the new companies outstrip the old in public favor.

One of the best of the companies which have come into prominence, having adopted the tenets of the modern faith, is the United Life and Accident Insurance Association, whose home office is at No. 44 Broadway in this city. The company was incorporated in 1885, and began its business on January 2d of this year. Its success, even in its short life, has been phenomenal. Its prospects of a brilliant future are assured almost beyond belief. Its foundations are solid. Its officers are sound, substantial business men, who stand high in commercial circles and are well known to almost every citizen of this community. They are not figure-heads, but each has his particular work to perform, which he does with his whole heart.

One of the special features of this new claimant for public patronage is the complete union of the life and accident systems of insurance without extra cost to the policy-holder. In the event of his death his heirs will receive the \$10,000 as surely as though he had cast his money into the coffers of an old company, and in case of an untoward accident which keeps him from his business or employment, he receives the handsome sum of \$50 per week for twenty-six weeks with which to liquidate his expenses for sickness. All this benefit is without extra cost.

Probably no instance in the annals of insurance has a parallel with this young growth—full of strength and sinew. Since its doors were opened to the public on the first working-day after the new year its books show a grand total of over \$3,000,000. Hon. Henry H. Van Dyke, the President, was for many years the Assistant Treasurer of the United States under President Lincoln.

FUN.

DUDES are apt to be extravagant; but to be real nice they should try and live within the means of their mothers.

SALVATION OIL is the greatest pain-destroyer of any age or clime. For the cure of neuralgia, rheumatism, and wounds occasioned by accidents, such as cuts, bruises, sprains, burns and frost-bites, it has no equal. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

A HARVARD student who got into a quarrel on a young lady's account, and came out considerably the worse for it, was complaining to her of the rough usage he had received for her sake. "Oh, well," said she, "it ought to console you to know you are more than ever in the fashion." "How do you mean?" "Why, beaten brass, you know, is all the rage."

IN THE INTEREST OF SUFFERING HUMANITY.

WE call attention to the Compound Oxygen Treatment which is taken by simple inhalation, and which acts directly upon the weakened nerve centres and vital organs, restoring them to their normal activity. Its operations are all in the line of physiological laws and forces, and it cures by giving to Nature her true and healthy control in the human organism. Thousands of most wonderful cures have been made during the last thirteen years. If you are in need of such a treatment, write to DR. STARKER & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, to send you such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to judge for yourself as to its efficacy in your own case.

An excellent quality of paper has been made from the pulp of the banana; but as yet no legitimate use has been found for the peel thereof, except as a substitute for ice on the sidewalk.

BEST GOODS ARE PUT IN SMALLEST PARCELS.

The old proverb is certainly true in the case of DR. PIERCE'S "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS," which are little sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard-seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR-DRUMS perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. F. HISCOP, 883 E'way, N.Y.

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to DR. J. FLYNN & CO., 117 East 15th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE SPECIFIC VIRTUES IN DYSPEPSIA.

DR. A. JENKINS, Great Falls, N.H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness, and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites heals the inflammation of the throat and lungs—gives strength—makes blood, tones up the nervous system, and will absolutely cure Consumption in its early stages.

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF WEATHER

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price 25 cents per box.

WOMAN'S FACE.

"WHAT furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face?" asks George Eliot. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part, and compel us to tell them of DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system, as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIKKENT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DELICATE diseases of either sex, however induced, radically cured. Address, with 10 cents in stamps for book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.
Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.
FOR PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine.
Send for circular.
BENT GOOD & CO., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.
Sold by all Druggists.

EPPS'S COCOA
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

HALE'S HONEY
OF HOREHOUND AND TAR,
A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 8 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.
PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute.
GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

Matrimonial Paper!
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.
Each number contains over 200 advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Sample copy 10c. silver. Address: HEART AND HAND, Chicago, Ill. Name this paper.

AGENTS WANTED.
PERFECTION CUFF FASTENER
Patented June 24, 1885.
Sample pair by mail on receipt of price. Nickel Plate, 10c.; Gold Plate, 25c. Address: GEO. FROST & CO., 257 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies the Skin.
No other cosmetic will do it.
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.
MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N.Y.
For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers throughout the U. S. Also found in N. Y. City at Macy's, Stern's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's, etc.

W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any \$5 or \$6 shoe every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas's \$3.00 Shoe, warranted." Congress, Button and Lace. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.
\$3. SILK STITCHED GLOVE KID
BEST TANNERY CALF
BOTTOM SEWED

THE INCOMPARABLE BAUS PIANOS

The Most Perfect Instruments of the Age.
ENDORSED BY ALL EMINENT ARTISTS.

In Constant Use at the "Grand Conservatory of Music."

These instruments are constructed from a musician's standpoint, built from the best material, and embodying all modern improvements known in the art of piano manufacturing. They are sold at

LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.

AUGUSTUS BAUS & CO., Manufacturers.
WAREROOMS,
58 West 23d Street, New York.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, loss of appetite, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, etc.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor.
27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.
TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation nor interferes with business or pleasure.

DAN'L SULLY'S
Corner Grocery
—AND—
Capital Prize
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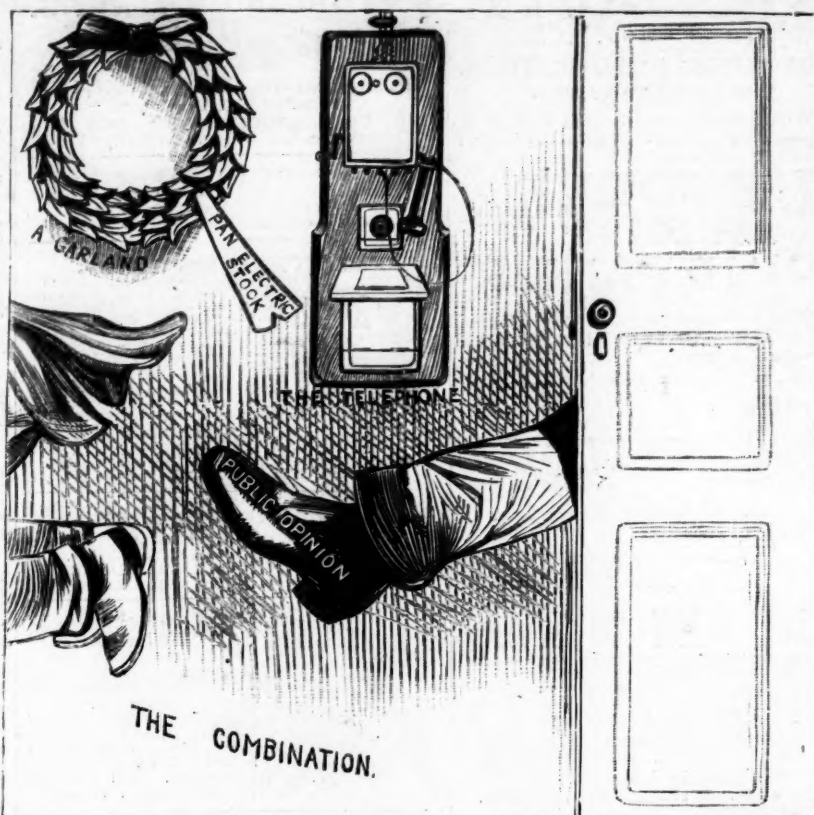
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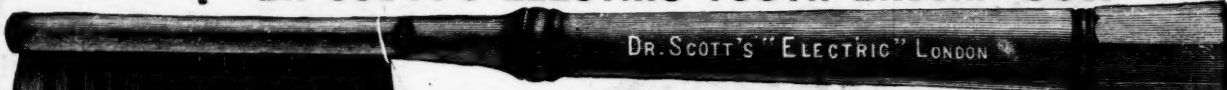
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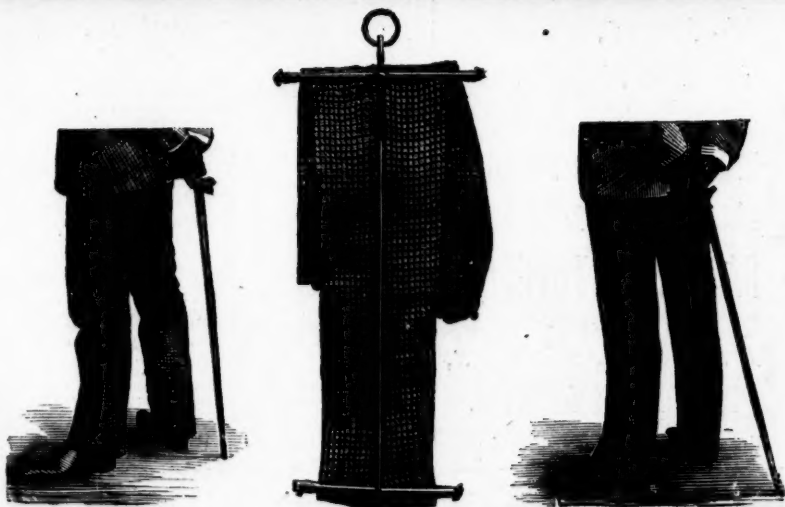
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